THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS

NO. 139 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1906

LOVE'S DAWNING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The shadow of a long, long night is lifted—
From thy enchanted islands, and dim sea,
A thousand odors of a thousand springs are drifted,
Oh, heart of Love! to me.

Thou comest! the wintry hills for thee grow vernal—
Thy footsteps make the valleys blush like May—
And far in pleasant places sing eternal
Rivers by night and day!

Thou comest! a quickened pulse thro' all my senses
Shivers the icy walls about my soul—
And Faith's new joy and Hope's sweet influences
Throughout my being roll!

I hear the long, melodious winds o'erflowing
The shining ledges of the azure shore,
Where God hath moored the sunset, and the growing
Of summers, evermore—

Of summers in the bright hereafter planted,
And angel-tended unto glorious bloom,
Where, mid the splendor, wanders the enchanted
Bliss of bride and groom.

There the red roses never die—and never
Do the white lilies of the soul decay—
Oh, Love! in thy deep gardens blow forever
The richest flowers of May!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

November 20th.

Original Novelet.

JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penn.]

CHAPTER XIX.

"Is Jessie here?" inquired Mr. Dexter, in a hurried manner.

"She is," replied Mrs. Loring.

"I wish to see her."

"Sit down, Mr. Dexter. I want to speak with you about Jessie."

Mr. Dexter sat down, though with signs of impatience.

"What is the meaning of this? What has happened, Mr. Dexter?"

"Only a slight misunderstanding. Jessie is over sensitive. But I must see her immediately; and alone, if you please, Mrs. Loring."

"I am sorry, Mr. Dexter, but Jessie will not see you."

"Not see me!"

"No, sir."

"Go and say that I am here, and that I must see her, if only for a single moment."

"She knows you are here, Mr. Dexter; and her message is—'Say that I cannot be seen.'"

"Where is she?" Mr. Dexter moved towards the door; but Mrs. Loring, who had taken it into her head that personal abuse—a blow, perhaps—was the cause of Jessie's flight from the residence of her husband—(she could understand and be properly indignant at such an outrage), stepped before him and said—

"Don't forget, sir, that this is my house! You cannot pass to any of its apartments unless I give permission. And such permission is now withheld. My niece is in no condition for exciting interviews. There has been enough of that for one day, I should think."

"What do you mean? What has she said?" demanded Mr. Dexter, looking almost fiercely at Mrs. Loring.

"Nothing!" was replied. "She refuses to answer my questions. But I see that her mind is greatly agitated, while her person bears evidence of cruel treatment."

"Mrs. Loring!" Dexter understood her meaning, and instantly grew calm. "Evidences of cruel treatment!"

"Yes, sir! Her cheek and temple are discolored from a recent bruise. How came this?"

"She fainted, and struck herself in falling."

"In your presence?"

"Yes."

"And you did not put forth a hand to save her?"

Mrs. Loring's foregone conclusions were running away with her.

"Excuse me, madam," said Mr. Dexter, coldly, "you are going beyond the record. I am not here at the confessional, but to see my wife. Pray, do not interpose needless obstacles."

There was enough of contempt in the tones of Mr. Dexter to wound the pride and fire the self-love of Mrs. Loring; and enough of angry excitement about him, to give her a new impression of his character.

"You cannot see Jessie to night," she answered firmly. "She has flown back to me in wild affright—the mere wreck of what she was, poor child, when I gave her into your keeping—and the inviolable sanctity of my house is around her. I much fear, Leon Dexter, that you have proved recreant to your trust—that you have not loved, protected, and cherished that delicate flower. The sweetness of her life is gone!"

The woman of the world had actually warmed into sentiment.

"It is I who have suffered wrong," said Mr. Dexter. "Sit down, Mrs. Loring, and hear me. If I cannot see my wife—if she wilfully persists in the step she has taken—then will I clear my skirts. You, at least, if not the world, must know the truth." Sit down, madam, and listen."

They moved back from the door, and crossing the parlor, sat down together on a sofa.

"What is wrong?" asked Mrs. Loring, the manner and words of Mr. Dexter filling her mind with vague fear.

"Much," was answered.

"Say on."

"Your niece, I have reason to believe, is not true to me," said Dexter.

"Sir!" Astonishment and indignation blended in the tone of Mrs. Loring's voice.

"I happened to come upon her unawares today, taking her in the very act of encouraging the attentions of a man whose presence and detested intimacy with her, at Newport, were the causes of her illness there."

"It is false!"

Both Dexter and Mrs. Loring started to their feet. There stood Jessie, just within the door at the lower end of the parlor, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes bright with indignation.

"It is false, sir!" she repeated, in strong, clear tones.

Mr. Dexter, after the first moment of bewildering surprise, advanced towards his wife.

"It is false—false as the evil spirit who suggested a thought of your wife's dishonor!"

Saying this, Mrs. Dexter turned and glided away. Her husband made a motion to follow, but Mrs. Loring laid her hand upon his arm.

"Light breaks into my mind," she said. "It was because you charged her with dishonorable intent that she fled from you? A man should be well fortified with proofs before he venture so far. *I* will believe nothing against her, except on the clearest evidence. Can you adduce it?"

There was a homely force in this mode of presenting the subject that had the effect to open the eyes of Dexter a little to the unpleasant aspect of his position. What proof had he of his wife's infidelity—and yet he had gone so far as to say that he had reason to believe her not true to him, and that she had been detected in questionable intimacy with some one at Newport!

"Can you adduce the evidence, Mr. Dexter?" repeated Mrs. Loring.

"I may have been hasty," he said, moving back into the room. "My words may have signified too much. But she has been imprudent."

"It is not true, sir!"

The voice of Mrs. Dexter startled them again. She stood almost on the spot from which they had turned a moment before.

"It is not true, sir!" she repeated her words. "Not true, in any degree! All is but the ghost of a jealous fancy! And now, sir, beware how you attempt to connect my name with evil reports or surmises. I may be stung into demanding of you the proof, and in another place than this! Never, even in thought, have I dishonored you. That is a lower deep into which my nature can never fall; and you should have known me well enough to have had faith. Alas, that it was not so!"

She passed from her husband's presence again, seeming almost to vanish where she stood.

"What is to be done?" said Mr. Dexter, turning towards Mrs. Loring, with a certain shame-facedness, that showed his own perception of the aspect in which his hasty conduct had placed him.

"It is impossible to answer that question now," replied Mrs. Loring. "These muddy waters must have time to run clear. As for Jessie, it is plain that she needs seclusion, and freedom from all causes of excitement. That you have wronged her deeply by your suspicions, I have not the shadow of a doubt—how deeply, conceding her innocence, you can say better than I."

"You will not encourage her in maintaining towards me her present attitude, Mrs. Loring?"

"Not if I see any hope of reconciliation. But I must know more of your lives during the past few months. I fear that you have wholly misunderstood your wife, and so alienated her that oblivion of the past is hopeless."

"Think of the exposure and disgrace," said Mr. Dexter.

"I do think of it; and the thought sickens me."

"You will surely advise her to return."

"I can promise nothing, sir. Wait—wait—wait. I have no other advice to offer. My poor child has passed through fearful trials—that is plain: and she must have time for body and mind to recover themselves. Oh, sir! how could you, knowing her feeble condition, bear down upon her so heavily as you did this day. Your words must have fallen like heavy blows; for it seems that they struck her down senseless. A second attack of brain fever, should it unfortunately follow this agitation, will certainly prove fatal."

Dexter was silent.

"We must keep our own counsel for the present," he said, at length. "The public should know nothing of all this."

"In that we are agreed," answered Mrs. Loring. "My advice to you is, to leave Jessie for the time being at least, to her own will. Serious prostration of all her faculties, I cannot but fear as a consequence. To-morrow, she will in all probability need her physician's care."

"How will you account for her condition, should his attendance be deemed necessary?"

Mrs. Loring shook her head.

"Events," she answered, "are too recent, and my mind too much bewildered to say what course I may deem it the wisest policy to pursue. I must await the occasion, and govern myself accordingly."

"Be very prudent, madam," said Mr. Dexter. "A single error may wreck everything."

"Her reputation is as dear to me as my own," replied Mrs. Loring, "and you may be very sure, that I will guard it as a most precious thing. The warning as to circumspection I pass to you."

Mr. Dexter made a movement to retire.

"I will see you in the morning," he said, "and in the meantime, account for Jessie's absence, by saying that she paid you a visit going out imprudently, and found herself too much indisposed to return."

Mrs. Loring merely inclined her head. A little while Dexter stood looking at her embarrassment and trouble written on every feature. Then bowing coldly, he retired.

CHAPTER XX.

When Mrs. Loring went back to her chamber, after Mr. Dexter withdrew from the house, she found Jessie in bed, lying as still as if asleep. She looked up when her aunt came to the bedside—at first with stealthy, half-timid glances—then with more of trust, that changed into loving confidence. Mrs. Loring bent down and kissed her.

"Oh, Aunt Phoebe! that was very cruel in him."

"What was cruel, dear?"

The thoughts of Mrs. Loring went farther back that the interview in her parlor.

"He tried to ruin me even in your regard."

"But he failed, Jessie. I will not believe the lowest whisper of an evil report against you."

"I am as pure in thought and as true in purpose, Aunt Phoebe, as when I went out from you. I do not love Mr. Dexter—I never loved him. Still that is no crime—only a necessity. He understood this in the beginning, and took the risk of happiness—so did I. But he was not satisfied with all that I could give. He wanted a heart, as well as a hand—a living, loving spirit, as well as a body. These he could not possess in me—for the heart loves not by compulsion. Then jealousy was born in his soul, and suspicion followed. Both were groundless. I felt a degrading sense of wrong; and at times, a spirit of rebellion. But I never gave place to a wandering thought—never gave occasion for wrong construction of my conduct. Yet in spite of all my care, his jealous imagination has found material out of which to weave a story of guilt. Ah, Aunt Phoebe! that marriage was a sad mistake. A union unblessed by love, is the commencement of a wretched life. It is the old story; and never loses its tragic interest. It was folly in the beginning, and it is madness now."

Mrs. Loring would have questioned her niece closely as to the meaning of Mr. Dexter's allusion to a certain individual as having been too intimate with his wife, but these closing remarks fell like rebuke upon her ears. She remembered how almost like a victim lamb, Jessie had been led up to the marriage altar; and how she had overruled all objections, and appealing to her honor, had almost constrained her into the fulfillment of a promise that should never have been extorted. And so she remained silent.

"I knew it must come to this sooner or later," Mrs. Dexter went on; "I knew that a time must arrive when the *only alternative for me* would be death or separation. The separation has taken place sooner than I dared to hope; and for the act, I do not hold myself responsible. He flung me off! To a spirit like mine, his language was a strong repulsion; and I swept away from him with a force it had been vain to resist. We are apart now, and apart forever."

"You are too much excited, Jessie," said Mrs. Loring, laying her finger upon the lips of her niece, "and I must enjoin silence and rest. I have faith in you. I will be your friend, though all the world pass coldly on in scorn."

Tears glistened in the eyes of Mrs. Dexter as she lifted them, with a thankful expression, to the face of her aunt, from whom she had not dared to hope for so tender a reception. She knew Mrs. Loring to be worldly-minded; she knew her to be a woman of not over delicate feelings; and as one easily affected by appearances. That she would blame, denounce, threaten, she had no doubt. A thought of approval, sympathy, aid or comfort in this fearful trial had not stirred in her imagination. This unlooked for kindness on the part of her aunt touched her deeply.

The fact was Mr. Dexter had gone a step too far. The grossness of this outrage upon his wife, Mrs. Loring could appreciate, and it was just of the kind to arouse all her womanly indignation. A more refined act of cruelty she would not have understood, and might have adjudged her niece as capricious.

"Thank you, dear Aunt Phoebe, for this love and kindness!" she could not help saying. "I need it; and, for all I have been as a wife, am worthy to receive it. As pure in thought and act as when I parted from you do I return; and now all I ask is to become again the occupant of that little chamber I once called my own; there to hide myself from all eyes—there to remain, forgotten of the gay circles in which I moved for a brief season."

"Dear heart! will you not be quiet?" said Mrs. Loring; laying her fingers once more upon her lips.

Mrs. Dexter sighed as her lashes drooped upon her cheeks. Very still she lay after this, and as her aunt stood looking upon her white, shrunken face and hollow eyes, and noted the purple stain on her cheek and temples, tears of compassion filled her eyes, and tender pity softened all her feelings.

That night Jessie slept in her aunt's room. Morning found her in a calmer state, and with less prostration of body than Mrs. Loring had feared would ensue. She did not rise until late, but met her cousins while yet in bed, with a quiet warmth of manner that placed both them and herself at ease with one another. They had been frightened witnesses of the exciting scenes in the parlor, when Mrs. Dexter twice confronted her husband and met his intimations of wrong with indignant denial. Beyond this their mother had informed them that their cousin had left her home and might not again return to it. For the present she enjoined silence as to what had occurred; and reserve or evasion of questions should curious inquirers approach them at school or elsewhere.

Before Jessie had arisen Mr. Dexter called. He looked worn and troubled. It was plain that his night had been sleepless.

"How is she?" he asked of Mrs. Loring, almost fearfully, as if dreading the answer. He did not pronounce the name of his wife.

"Better than I had hoped," was replied.

"Has she required the attention of a physician?"

"No."

Mr. Dexter seemed relieved.

"What is her state of mind?"

"She is more tranquil than I had expected to find her."

Mrs. Loring's manner was cold.

"Have you conversed with her this morning?"

"But little."

"Will she see me?"

"I think not."

"Will you ask her?"

"Not now. She is too weak to bear a recurrence of agitating scenes."

Mr. Dexter bit his lips firmly as if striving with his feelings.

"When can I see her?"

"That question I am unable now to answer, Mr. Dexter. But my own opinion is that it will be better for you to see her to morrow than to-day; better next week than to-morrow. You must give time for calmness and reflection."

"She is my wife!" exclaimed Mr. Dexter, not able to control himself. The manner in which this was said conveyed clearly his thought to Mrs. Loring, and she replied with equal feeling—

"But not your slave to command!"

"Madam! I warn you not to enter into this league against me—not to become a party in this wicked scheme! If you do, then you must bear the consequences of such blind folly. I am not the man to submit tamely. I will not submit."

"You are simply beating the air," replied Mrs. Loring. "There is no league against you—no wicked scheme—nothing beyond your own excited imagination; and I warn you, in turn, not to proceed one step further in this direction."

"Madam! can I see my wife!" The attitude of Mr. Dexter was threatening.

"No, sir. Not now," was the firmly spoken answer.

He turned to go.

"Mr. Dexter."

"Well! Say on."

"I do not wish you to call here again."

"Madam! my wife is harboring here."

"I will give my servant orders not to admit you!" said Mrs. Loring, outraged by this remark.

For an instant Dexter looked as if he would destroy her, were it in his power, by a single glance; then turning away he left the house muttering impotent threats.

And to the breach grew wider.

"I don't wonder that Jessie could not live with him," said Mrs. Dexter to herself. "Such a temper! Dear heart! Who can tell how much she may have suffered?"

CHAPTER XXI.

Once more Jessie found herself alone in the little chamber where her gentle, girlish life had strengthened towards womanhood. Many times had she visited this chamber since her marriage, going to it as to some pilgrim-shrine, but never with the feelings that now crowded upon her heart. She had returned as a dove to the ark, from the wild waste of waters, wing-weary, faint, frightened—fluttering into this holy place, conscious of safety. She was not to go out again. Blessed thought! How it warmed the life-blood in her heart, and sent the current in more genial streams through every vein.

But alas! memory could not die. Lethe was only a fable of the olden times. A place of safety is not always a place of freedom from pain. It could not be so in this instance. Yet, for a time, like the exhausted prisoner borne back from torture to his cell, the crushed members reposed in delicious insensibility. The hard pallet was a heaven of ease to the iron rack on which the quivering flesh had been torn and the joints wrenched until nature cried out in agony.

Dear little room! Though its walls were narrow, and its furniture simple even to meagreness, it was a palace in her regard to the luxurious chambers she had left. It was all her own. She need not veil her heart there. No semblances were required. No intrusion feared. It seemed to her, for a time, as if she had been so lifted out of the world, as to be no longer a part of it. The hum and shock of men were far below her. She had neither part nor lot in common humanity.

But this could not last. She had formed relations with that world not to be cast off lightly. She was a wife, violently separated from her husband; and setting at defiance the laws which had bound them together.

On the third day Mrs. Dexter received a communication from her husband. It was imperative, reading thus:—

"MRS. DEXTER—I have twice sought to gain an interview, and twice been repelled with insult. I now write to ask when and where you will see me. We must meet, Jessie. This rash step, I fear, is going to involve consequences far more disastrous than you have imagined. It is no light thing for a woman to throw herself beyond the pale of her husband's protection.—Something is owed to the world—something to reputation—something to your good name; and much to your husband. I may have been hasty, but I was sincere. There are some things that looked wrong; *they look wrong still*, and will *always look wrong* if your present attitude is maintained. I wish to see you, that we may, together, review these unhappy questions, and out of a tangled skein bring even threads, if possible. Let me hear from you immediately.

"YOUR HUSBAND."

Twice Mrs. Dexter read this letter, hurriedly at first, but very slowly the second time; weighing each word and sentence carefully. She then laid it aside, and almost crouching down in her chair, fell into such deep thought that she seemed more like one sleeping than awake. She did not attempt an answer until the next day. Then she penned the following:

"TO LEON DEXTER—In leaving your house and your protection, I was not governed by caprice or impulse. For some time I have seen that, sooner or later, it must come to this; that the cord uniting us was too severely strained, and must snap. I did not suppose the time so near at hand, that you would drag upon it now with such a sudden force. But the deed is done, and we are apart forever. I cannot live with you again—your presence would suffocate me. There was a mutual wrong in our marriage; but I was most to blame; for I know that I did not and never could love you as I believed a husband should be loved. But you had extorted from me a promise of marriage, and I believed it to be my duty to fulfil that promise. Young, inexperienced, blind to the future, I took up the burdens you laid at my feet, and believed myself strong enough to carry them all the days of my life. It was a fatal error. How painfully I have struggled on—how prayerfully, how patiently, how self-denyingly, you can never know. Yet without avail. I have fallen by the way, and there is not strength enough in me to lift the burdens again. *I* know this, and One besides; and I am content to rest the case with Him. The world will blame, the church censure, the law condemn. Let it be so. All that is light to the sufferings I have endured, and from which I have fled.

"I cannot see you, Mr. Dexter—I *will not see you*. Our ways in this world have parted, and forever. The act was not mine, but yours. You flung me off with a force that overcame all scruple—all question of right, all effort to cling to you as my husband. I was trying, in my feeble way—for not much power remained—to be a dutiful wife, when you extinguished all hope of success by a charge as false as the evil spirit who whispered in your too willing ears a suspicion of infidelity against one who had never permitted a thought of wrong towards her husband to enter even the outermost portal of her mind. I had not seen the person to whom you allude since my accidental meeting with him at Newport, so basely construed into design; and his passing my window at the moment you returned home, was as unexpected to me as to you.

"I had hoped that my previous solemn assurances were sufficient to give you confidence in my integrity. But this was an error. You had no faith in me; and assailed me with violence when my thoughts were as true to honor as *ever were yours. Did you imagine that I* could lie passive at your feet, to be trampled down and degraded? No, sir! God gave me a higher consciousness, a purer spirit, a nobler individuality! You should have mated one of a different stamp from me!

"And yet I pity you, Leon Dexter! This web of trouble, which your own hands have woven around your life, will fetter and gall you at every step in your future journey. I have not left you in a spirit of retaliation; but simply because the natural strain of repulsion was stronger than all the attractive forces that held us together. I only obeyed a law against which weak nature strove in vain. Were it in my power, I would make all your future bright with the warmest sunshine. But, over your future I have no control—yet, sadly enough, are our destinies linked, and the existence of each will be a thorn in the other's heart.

"I have not much strength left. The contest has nearly extinguished my life. This is the last struggle I shall have with you. My first weak thought was to return your letter without a word in reply. But that would have been a wrong to both; and so I have made you this communication, and you must regard it as final. Farewell, unhappy Leon Dexter! I would have saved you from this calamity, but you would not let me! May He who has permitted you thus to drag down the temple of domestic happiness, and bury yourself amid the ruins, give you, in this direful calamity, a higher than human power of endurance. May the fierce flames of this great ordeal, find gold in your character beyond the reach of fire. Farewell forever! and may God bless and keep you! The prayer is from a heart yet free from guile, and the lips that breathe it upward are as pure as when you laid upon them the marriage kiss! God keep them as guileless and as pure. Amen! JESSIE."

Dexter accepted the decision of his wife as final. What else was left for him? He would have been the dullest of men not to have seen the spirit of this answer, shining every where through the letter. Something more than feebly, dawned the conviction into his mind, that he had foully wronged his wife and that the fearful calamity which had overtaken him in the morning of his days, was of his own creating. He did not again attempt to see her; made no further remonstrance; offered no kind of annoyance. A profound respect for the suffering woman who had abandoned him, took the place of indignation against her. In silence he sat down amid his crushed hopes and broken idols, and waited for light to guide him and strength to walk onward. Like thousands of other men, he had discovered that a human soul was not a plaything, nor a piece of machinery to wind up and set in motion at will; and like thousands of other men, he had made this discovery too late.

CHAPTER XXII.

Without a note of warning, the public were startled by the news that Mrs. Dexter had left her husband. Wisely, sober second thought laid upon the lips of Mr. Dexter the seal of silence. He gave no reason for the step his wife had taken, and declined answering all inquiries, even from his nearest friends. From a man of impulse, he seemed changed at once into a man of deliberate purpose. His elegant home was not given up, though he lived in it a kind of half hermit life. Abroad, he was reserved; while everything about him gave signs of a painful inward conflict.

Of course the social air was full of rumors, probable and improbable, but none of them exactly true. Mrs. Dexter was wholly silent, except to her wisest and truest friend, Mrs. De Lisle—and her discretion ever kept her guarded. Mrs. Loring simply alleged "incompatibility of temper"—that vague allegation which covers with its broad mantle so wide a range of domestic antagonisms. And so the public had its appetite piqued, and the nine days wonder became the wonder of a season. Hints towards the truth were embellished by gossips' ready imaginations, and stories of wrong, domestic tyranny, infidelity, and the like, were passed around, and related with a degree of circumstantiality that gave them wide credence. Yet in no instance was the name of Hendrickson connected with that of Mrs. Dexter. So transient had been their intercourse, that no eye but that of jealousy had noted their meeting as anything beyond the meeting of indifferent acquaintance.

It was just one week from the day Paul Hendrickson caught an unexpected glimpse of Mrs. Dexter's face at the window, and passed on with her image freshened in his heart, that he called in at the Ardens, after an unusually long absence, to spend an evening. Miss Arden's countenance lighted with a sudden glow on his appearance, the rich blood dyeing her cheeks, and giving her face a heightened charm; and in the visiter's eyes there was something gentler and softer in her beauty than he had before observed. He probably guessed the cause: and the thought touched his feelings, and drew his heart something nearer to her.

"That is a painful story about Mrs. Dexter," said Mrs. Arden, almost as soon as the young man came in. The recently heard facts were uppermost in her thoughts.

"What story? I have not heard anything." Hendrickson was on his guard in a moment; though he betrayed unusual interest.

"It is dreadful to think of!" said Miss Arden. "What a wretched creature she must be! I always thought her one of the best of women. Though I must own that at Saratoga last summer, she showed rather more fondness for the society of other men than she did for that of her husband."

"I am still in the dark," said Mr. Hendrickson, with suppressed excitement.

"Then you haven't heard of it? Why, it's the town talk."

"No."

"There's been a separation between Mrs. Dexter and her husband," remarked Mrs. Arden. "She left him several days ago, and is now with her aunt, Mrs. Loring."

"A separation! On what ground?" Hendrickson's breathing oppressed him.

"Something wrong with Mrs. Dexter, I am told. She had too many admirers—so the story goes; and, worse still,—for admiration she couldn't help—one lover."

It was Mrs. Arden who said this.

"Who was the lover?" asked Mr. Hendrickson. His voice was so quiet, and his tones so indifferent, that none suspected the intense interest with which he was listening.

"I have not heard his name," replied Mrs. Arden.

"Does he live in this city?"

"I believe not. Some new acquaintance, made at Newport, I think. You remember that she was very ill there last summer?"

"Yes."

"Well, the cause of that illness is now said to have been a discovery by Mr. Dexter of some indiscretion on her part, followed by angry remonstrance on his."

"That is the story?"

"Yes."

"And what caused the separation which has just taken place?"

"A renewal of this intimacy," said Mrs. Arden.

"A very serious charge; and, I believe, without foundation in truth," replied Hendrickson. He spoke slowly, yet not with strong emphasis. His auditors did not know that he was simply controlling his voice to hide his agitation.

"Oh, there is no doubt as to its truth," said Mrs. Arden. "The facts have been substantiated; so Mrs. Anthony told me to-day; and she has been one of Mrs. Dexter's most intimate friends."

"What facts?" inquired Hendrickson.

"Facts that if they do not prove crime against Mrs. Dexter, show her to have been imprudent to the verge of crime."

"Can you particularize?" said the young man.

"Well, no, I can't just do that. Mrs. Anthony ran on at such a rate that I couldn't get the affair adjusted in my mind. But she asserts positively that Mrs. Dexter has gone considerably beyond the boundary of prudence; and she is no friend of Dexter's, I can assure you. As far as I can learn, there have been frequent meetings between this lover and Mrs. Dexter during the husband's absence. An earlier return home, a few days ago, led to a surprise and an exposure. The result you know.

"I must make bold to pronounce this whole story a fabrication," said Mr. Hendrickson, with rising warmth; "it is too improbable."

"Worse things than that have happened, and are happening every day," remarked Mrs. Arden.

"Still I shall disbelieve the story," said Mr. Hendrickson, firmly.

"What else would justify him in sending her home to her aunt?" asked Mrs. Arden.

"He sent her home, then? That is the report!" remarked Hendrickson.

"Some say one thing and some another."

"And a story loses nothing in the repetition."

"You are very sceptical," said Miss Arden.

"I wish all men and women were more sceptical than they are, in touching the wrong doings of others," replied the young man. "The world is not so bad as it seems. Now I am sure that if the truth of this affair could really be known, we should find scarcely a single fact in agreement with the report. I have heard that Mr Dexter is blindly jealous of his wife."

"Oh, as to that, Mrs. Anthony says that he made himself ridiculous by his jealousy at Saratoga last summer. And I now remember that he used to act strangely sometimes," said Mrs. Arden.

"A jealous man," returned Hendrickson, "is a very bad judge of his wife's conduct; and more likely to see guilt than innocence in any circumstance that will bear a double explanation. Let us then, lean to the side of charity, and suppose good until the proof of evil stares us in the very face; as I shall do in this instance. I have always believed Mrs. Dexter to be the purest of women; and I believe so still."

Both Mrs. Arden and her daughter seemed annoyed at this defence of a woman against whom they had so readily accepted the common rumor. They said nothing farther. After that an unusual embarrassment marked their intercourse. As early as he could with politeness retire, Hendrickson went away. He did not err in his own elucidation of the mystery; for he remembered well the vision of Mrs. Dexter's face at the window—her instant sign of feeling—his own quick but not meditated response—and the sudden appearance of her husband whose clouded countenance was full of angry suspicion.

"To this!—and so soon!" said Hendrickson to himself, as he left the house of Mrs. Arden. "Oh, that I could stretch out my hand to save her!—that I could shield her from the tempests!—that I could shelter her from the burning heats! But I cannot. There is a great gulf between us, and I may not pass to her, nor she to me. Oh, my soul! is this separation to be for all time?"

There was rebellion in the heart of Paul Hendrickson when he reached his home; and a wild desire to overleap all barriers of separation.

"There will be a divorce in all probability," so he began talking with himself. "Jessie will never return to him after this violent separation; and he, after a time, will ask to have the marriage annulled. He will not be able to bring proof of evil against her—will, I am sure, not even attempt it; for no evidence exists. But her steady refusal to live with him as his wife, will enable him, it may be, to get a divorce. And then!"

There was a tone of exultation in his voice at the closing words.

"And whosoever marrieth her which is put away, committeth adultery."

Hendrickson started to his feet, his face as pale as ashes, and glanced almost fearfully about the room. The voice seemed spoken in the air—but it was not so. The warning had reached his sense of hearing by an inner way.

Then he sat down, and pondered this new question, so suddenly presented for solution, turning it in every way, viewing it now from the side of human feeling and human reason—and now with the light of Divine Revelation shining upon it. But he was not satisfied. The letter of the record was against him; but nature cried out for some different reading. At length he made an effort to thrust the subject aside.

"What folly is this?" he said, still talking with himself. "Wait! wait! wait!—the time is not yet. Separation only exists. There is no divorce. The great, impassable gulf is yet between us. I cannot go to her. She cannot come to me. I must wait, hopefully, if not patiently, the issue of events."

The thoughts of Hendrickson had once more been turning themselves toward Miss Arden, and he had felt the glow of warmer feelings. He had even begun to think again of marriage.

"Let that illusion go!" he said. "It must no longer tempt me to the commission of an act that reason and conscience both pronounce wrong. I do not love Mary Arden; therefore, I will not marry her. I settle that matter now, and forever."

And the decision was final. He did not visit her again for many months, and then, only after her engagement to another.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that dread voyage from whose sight
The ominous shadows never lift.
But 'tis more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.
—*Lowell.*

☞ Mere parsimony is not economy. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection.—*Burke.*

☞ Wit sometimes becomes practical, as when the Greek sage, in a company of very bad archers who were trying their skill, placed himself close to the target, saying, "It was the only safe spot."

☞ The fourth finger was originally chosen for wearing the wedding-ring, for the reason that it is not only used less than either of the rest, but is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises—having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the others may be singly stretched out to their full length and straightness.

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Empire City arrived at New Orleans on the 14th inst., having left Havana on the 9th. Commodore Paulding had been handsomely entertained by the authorities at Havana. The California papers have no news of importance. The Legislature was in session.

Advices from Peru state that Mr. Lomer had been arrested on the charge of conspiring to bring Americans with arms to Peru, for the purpose of fighting on the side of the Ex-President, Exchinqua. Letters from Mr. Lomer, Commodore Vanderbilt, and Col. Fitzgerald, of New Orleans, have been published. It was thought that Mr. Lomer would be shot.

A destructive fire has occurred at Valparaiso, causing a loss estimated at one million.

The Legislature at Montevideo had been dispersed by the military. War between Brazil and Paraqua is recorded as imminent.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO VOTE.

We have received the following communication, which we judge to be from a lady member of the "Society of Friends:"—

ESTEEMED FRIEND:—Having been a reader of the "Post" for more than twenty years, I feel so much the freedom of an old acquaintance, as to ask a place in its columns, wherein to say a few words in answer to thy remarks upon the course of Lucy Stone in refusing to pay her tax. I take thee to be a friend to plainness and candor, therefore I shall make no apologies for saying that it does seem to me that for this once thou hast overlooked thy sense of justice, while thou echoest the sentiment of tyranny which in all ages has hastened to characterize the honest reformer as a "bad citizen." Thou sayest all property is taxed to secure its protection; very well; but why deprive woman of a voice *as to the manner in which* their persons and property shall be governed? Why place her in the category with the unnaturalized foreigner, with minors, and thou might have added criminals, as I suppose their property is taxed as well? We are wholly willing to submit to the same laws that govern the male citizen, in respect to length of residence in a country or State, minority, incapacity on account of crime, &c., but where none of these things pertain, we demand representation irrespective of our sex. If we are insufficient in knowledge and capacity, what plan is better adapted to keep us so, than to take from us the stimulus that attends the untrammelled exercise of all our faculties? But we claim to be not inferior in understanding, and therefore more incapable of a voice in the laws that are so vital to our interests, than many thousands, who by virtue of their sex alone, are allowed the franchise. For "any man with conscience enough to keep out of jail, mind enough to escape the poor house, and body enough to drop his ballot into the box, is a voter. He may have no character, even no money, that is no matter—he is male. The noblest woman has no voice in the State."

That is high authority which says, all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Blame us not that we *question and refuse to support that power, as unjust* and usurped, that is exercised by only a part of the people. So vital and sacred did the Revolutionary fathers deem this principle of self-government, for themselves, that they not only refused taxes, but took up the sword in its defence. We base our claim on the same ground, upon the *justice* of our cause—upon our human nature, which derives its patent right from God himself, who first and foremost and behind all other conditions, created woman as well as man a human being, having the same human rights—"to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." How then can man make laws disposing of her property, her person—her children, and call it, too, *protection?* Ah, that "protection," friend Editor, truly thou sayest, "it is not theoretical only, but very practical," but it does not include justice and freedom. No doubt the mother country thought herself abundantly able to "protect" the colonies while she taxed them for the support of the laws that enslaved them, and when becoming conscious of their inherent right and ability to look a little after their own affairs, they claimed a voice in their own government, they were denounced by the crown and its sympathizers as troublesome and seditious, just as thou, friend Editor, dost now speak of Lucy Stone as a "bad citizen," "putting the authorities to trouble," &c., and while giving due praise to the Friends, who from religious scruples refuse to pay taxes for the support of war, thus acknowledging that conscience, or an interior sense of rights is paramount to human statutes, thou dost question the religious character of that devotion to principle which leads this noble woman to sacrifice not only her property but her worldly reputation in its defence. In conclusion, allow me to say that of the inevitable advance and ultimate conquest of intelligence and truth and freedom, we may not doubt. Men will heed the voice of Reason and Justice speaking in their own souls, and will not always refuse to their mothers, wives and sisters, what they so justly claim as inalienable in themselves. And I must again express my profound regret, that the "Post," meantime, should take so backward a step as to lend the smallest weight of its extended influence in support of the tottering walls of anti-democracy and uncharitableness.

Thy friend for HUMAN RIGHTS.

Shrewsbury, N. J., 2d mo. 8th, 1858.

We have not the time at present to enter into an extended examination of this subject; but will call the attention of our correspondent to a few points, which will denote the position we occupy.

Voting is not necessarily representation. Thousands of men in this country have voted almost uniformly in a minority, ever since they have voted at all. The government of their state and that of the nation, very seldom has represented them in the least. That government, moreover, has been precisely what it would have been, if they never had voted. Thousands of men, as a consequence of this state of things—their being always in the minority, and their votes apparently having no effect on the course of events—do not give themselves the trouble to vote at all. They say—"We are always defeated—what is the right of suffrage to us but a mere sham and delusion? Let those always in the majority have plenty of rope, and they ultimately will hang themselves." This is the thought of many, and the feeling of more. We are not arguing the truth or falsehood of this view—except so far as we use it to show that a voting minority are not represented, any more than the women who do not vote.

Again. The right to vote can hardly be shown to be an "inalienable right." To vote, so far as the majority are concerned, is to govern—not only yourselves, but others. The majority of the voters are the rulers of the *whole* people. Now to rule a nation, is scarcely an "inalienable right." If it were, every man, woman and child would not only have a right to vote—without regard to their moral or intellectual condition—but would have a right to be always in the majority too. Now it is generally admitted, that the masses of the people in very many countries, are not qualified to govern themselves—let alone others. In France, when universal suffrage was established, the majority voted both themselves and the opposing minority, an Emperor. In Mexico and South America, the masses scarcely seem to know their own minds five years together. In Germany, in 1848, the majority took the reins of government into their own hands—and did not know what to do with them. It will scarcely do, therefore, to urge the right of voting as an inalienable right. It is one of those rights that seem to be derived from, and coexist with, a reasonable degree of ability to use them. A man may say he has an inalienable right to pilot a ship into port—but if he does not know how to do it, his right, the crew and passengers will think, is of a very questionable character. The right cannot exist apart from the ability in this as in many other cases.

As to Women's voting, we look at the subject in two lights. First, we believe that the sexes are differently constituted, in mind as well as body; and we believe this difference of constitutions naturally fits them for a preordained difference of spheres. We believe that women have enough to attend to in their own departments of life, without troubling themselves with public affairs. Politics, in our opinion, would gain nothing, and women lose much by the partial unsexing of themselves that their participation in them would involve. At a recent meeting in aid of education, in Massachusetts, the Rev. Mr. Hempstead, Chaplain of the State Prison, gave it as his experience, based upon his acquaintance with convicts, that the first downward step could be traced to a want of right influence and training in the family at home, which followed the child to school, and which never left him in maturer years. Now, this family training is peculiarly the business of the mother and sister—especially in the earlier years of the child. And we think that there is plenty of work in this and similar directions for every daughter of woman, without going into the political sphere. So much for the philosophical view of the matter, which for want of time and space we but indicate.

As to the practical view, we may say this. We should care very little that a few intelligent women, here and there, voted. But when we consider the mass of voting ignorance that the intelligence of this country has already to contend with, we do not feel much disposed to throw open the doors to an additional flood of ignorance. And who would vote, were the right extended to women? Why, just the very women who are least qualified to. Where one intelligent, high-minded vote would be added, you would have ten, perhaps a hundred, of an opposite character. And if unreasoning and unreasonable notions and excitements rule the hour now, what would they not do then?

Let these lady reformers make a tour of their own neighborhoods, especially in those out-of-the way localities where the larger portion of voters come from on election day, and ascertain the average intelligence and prejudices of the female community upon political subjects; and if they do not recoil from their efforts further to weigh down the intelligence and virtue of the country with this fresh weight, we shall doubt, even more than we now do, their own ability for practical legislation.

MEXICO.

Comonfort, having failed in his attempted *coup d'etat*, recently arrived at New Orleans. The troops, it appeared, turned against him—headed by their leading general. Comonfort failed because, unlike Louis Napoleon, he placed himself in opposition to the priesthood. It will be remembered that Louis Napoleon, when President of France, even went so far as to break down the Roman Republic—a direct offspring of that which brought himself into power—in order to conciliate the priesthood, whose influence over the French peasantry was afterwards exerted steadily in his behalf. General Zuloago, the present Provisional President, as one of his first steps, issued decrees restoring the ecclesiastical and military jurisdiction, repealing the laws of 1856, which declared the property of the ecclesiastical corporations alienable, and annulling the sales made of the church estates under that law. In return, it is reported that the clergy have loaned him a million of dollars.

Zuloago's government is opposed by various generals—among others by Alfara, who has pronounced in favor of Santa Anna. If Zuloago is sustained by the priesthood generally, we think his chance of success is the best. A party has to be very strong in Mexico to set itself up against the Church—as the defeat and flight of Comonfort prove.

LAGER BEER.—In the recent case at Brooklyn, New York, where it was decided that lager beer "did not come within the provisions of the statute relative to intoxicating drinks," more than a dozen witnesses swore to drinking from twenty to ninety pint glasses a day, as a usual thing, without causing any deleterious results. One witness declared that he drank on a wager, in the city of Brooklyn, seven and a half gallons of lager beer in *two hours!* Another, *one hundred and sixty quarts* in *one day!* Another, *thirty pints* within five minutes. Another took fifteen glasses to give him an appetite for breakfast. It was in evidence that lager beer contained only 3½ per cent. of alcohol.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BANK.—The stockholders have voted to go into an assignment—the notes are to be paid first, the depositors next, and the stockholders last, if anything should remain for them. A list of the names of the debtors of the bank, and of those with whom its president had large financial operations, is to be prepared for the benefit of the stockholders. It is also in contemplation to sue all those who have taken usurious interest in their dealings with the bank, in order to recover the excess of interest above the legal rate. Resolutions were adopted, decidedly uncomplimentary in their character, relative to ex-President Allibone and Director Daniel Deal.

A HYENA LOOSE.—The story of a hyena breaking loose from his cage, a few miles west of Paulding, in Paulding county, Ohio, digging up dead bodies and devouring them, and killing a German named Poffenburg, is denied. There is no hyena, no devoured bodies, no Poffenburg "no nothing."

HOT AND COLD WATER.

We often have asked our friends whether, if they had three basins, one of hot, one of warm, and the other of cold water, the heat of the hot water could be best borne by first placing the hand in the basin of warm or in that of cold water. The answer uniformly is, that the sensation of heat would be greater, when the hand was taken out of the cold water and plunged into the hot, than when taken out of the warm and plunged into the hot. And yet this is not the fact, as we have tested many times. Hot water will not feel anything like so hot, if the hand be first immersed in very cold water. Neither will very cold water feel so cold, if the hand be previously immersed in very warm water. The opposition of temperatures lessens instead of increasing the apparent heat or cold.

The importance of this fact in its bearing upon bathing, going out into the cold air, &c., is evident. A brief shower of cold water in winter, immediately after a warm bath, is not chilling, but positively invigorating and delightful. So the cold bracing air of a winter night, feels simply pleasant as you emerge from a well warmed room, when it would feel sharp, cutting and painful if you had been sitting in a room without sufficient fire.

And so as to bathing in the summer. The shock of the cold water is nothing like so great to the system, when heated to a glow by exercise, as to a system unheated. The maxim, "Always go into the water cool," we are inclined to think a very mistaken one. Of course it would not do to exercise to the point of weakness or fatigue before going into cold water—but to exercise until the body feels warm and vigorous, and then leave the water as soon as it begins to feel chilly, is in our opinion only conformable to reason.

In accordance with the above, we may mention that an *immediate* plunge into cold water is said to be an excellent remedy in cases of scalding. A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator says he has tried it with entire success for ten years.

Before any person ventures to pronounce our views incorrect and dangerous, let him try the experiment we have mentioned in the opening of this article; and probably he will begin to doubt the accuracy of his own conclusions.

New Publications.

DR. DUNGLISON'S DICTIONARY OF MEDICAL SCIENCE, (Blanchard & Lea, Philadelphia,) comes to the public again after several years, revised and enlarged by the addition of about six thousand subjects and terms, and containing now about sixty thousand definitions. The author is well-known, not only as Professor of Medicine at Jefferson College in this city, but as one of the ablest, most thorough and comprehensive of medical writers. His present work bears on the surface evidence of the vast and varied knowledge and patient and prodigious labor that went to its preparation, and it will unquestionably remain for centuries as a standard Medical Lexicon of the greatest value to the student and practitioner. It must also be considered auxiliary to the ordinary dictionary, since it gives the meaning of many words that are in common usage, though not defined, or, at least, imperfectly defined, by the lexicographers. Accurate definitions of terms in Anatomy, Physiology, Materia Medica, Botany, Pharmacy, Medical Jurisprudence, etc., not to be found in "Webster" or "Worcester," are here supplied, and hence the work has a claim on all persons who desire a full knowledge of the English language.

"A Dictionary is not a bad book to read," says Emerson, discoursing on books perusable; and, odd as it may seem, even this Medical Lexicon, apart from its stated attractions, has some charms for the merely general reader! Take, for example, this definition:—

"BODY SNATCHER, *Searcher.* One who formerly examined the bodies of the dead to report as to the cause of death. In the time of the plague this was done by 'the chirurgeons,' who were allowed 'twelve pence' to be paid out of the goods of the body searched, if able: otherwise by the parish. Until of late this office was executed in England by two old women—called 'searchers;' and hence the imperfections of the Bills of Mortality. In plague times, the office was an important one; and it is stated that a noted searcher, named Snacks, finding his business increase so much that he could not transact it alone, offered to any one who would join him in its hazards half the profits; and they who joined him were said to 'go with Snacks.' Hence the saying 'to go snacks' or to divide the spoils."

Leaving this bit of grisly etymology, we come upon another definition equally interesting and curiously suggestive.

"CHARM, Latin, *Carmen*, 'a verse,' because charms often consisted of verses, whence comes the Italian, *Carma*, (F) *Charme*, with the same signification; *Cantatio, Incantamentum.* A sort of magic or superstitious practice, consisting of words, characters, etc., by which it was believed individuals might be struck with sickness or death, or be restored to health. The following are specimens of old charms—*verse charms:*

* * * * * *

For Cramp.—(Pepys.)

Cramp be thou faintless,
As our lady was sinless,
When she bare Jesus.

For the Foot When Asleep.—(Coleridge.)

Foot! foot! foot! is fast asleep!
Thumb! thumb! thumb! its spittle we stamp!
Crosses three we make to ease us,
Two for the thieves, and one for Christ Jesus.

The same charm served for cramp in the leg, with this substitution:—

The devil is tying a knot in my leg!
Mark, Luke and John, unloose it, I beg!
Crosses three, etc.

For a Burn.—(Pepys.)

There came three angels out of the East;
The one brought fire, the other brought frost.
Out fire; in frost.
In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Superstitions of this kind are only one remove from the downright mania or insanity of which we have a specimen in the following definition:—

CONVULSIONNAIRE, (F.)—A name given, during the last century, to individuals who had, or affected to have, convulsions, produced by religious impulses. The epithet was first given to fanatics, who exhibited the most wonderful and varied seizures, at the tomb of Paris, a Jansenist, who died in the year 1727, and was buried in the cemetery of St. Medard. Some of these were called *Sautneurs* or *Jumpers*, of whom there have been examples in more recent times; others from barking like a dog were called *aboyeuses*, and others from mewing like a cat, *miauleuses.* A form of convulsion, induced by religious frenzy, has been vulgarly called the "*jerks*," and the gymnastic movements of the Shakers may be placed in the same category.

We are rather doubtful about the accuracy of this classification of the Shaker ceremonies.—"M-i-a-u-istes," like Polonius's "mobled queen," is good! But, not to linger longer, these citations will suffice to exemplify the extra allurements of this Medical Dictionary.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S NORTHERN TRAVEL (G. P. Putnam, New York,) is a book of brilliant summer and winter pictures of Sweden, Denmark and Lapland, done in words like colors, as all this author's books are done. As usual, the history, politics, commerce, agriculture, geology, botany, etc., of the countries visited are passed lightly over, and we are shown the common people, as they appear to the eye of a happy and hearty spirit, and the landscape in all its varieties, as drawn by a poet and an artist.

A great many professional world-travellers have journeyed out over the earth from Europe. There have been explorers without stint, but after John Ledyard, whose career closed too soon, and Kane, the full fruit of whose adventurous life we were not fated to enjoy, Bayard Taylor is the only pilgrim that has set out for life from America. Travel is his unmistakable vocation. That he has a genius for it, his books largely prove. It is true that his opinions and conclusions are often rash, superficial, or inaccurate—witness the terrible stigma he has left upon the moral character of the Chinese people, supported only by his cursory observations of the very dregs of the populace, during a few days residence at Shanghai. Everybody who has had any experience in the low life of our own cities, knows that there is no offence, however loathsome, that is not common to it, but what would be thought of the traveller who should proclaim our total national depravity on the strength of what he saw in the sinks and stews of New York or New Orleans? Yet this is just what Bayard Taylor has done in regard to the Chinese people, and with no better reason! We think the present volume has instances of similar inaccuracy. But however deficient we may find him as a philosopher, as an observer he has no superiors. He sees well, and what he sees he describes with singular felicity and glow of pictorial details. In this instance, he goes sledging it with reindeer over pale Arctic snow-fields and through dark green fir-forests, under skies lit with stars, and the midnight sun, and Northern Lights whose supernatural rainbow splendors make the cheek pale with wonder. Never did landscapes swim before the soul of the reader with greater pomp of color. While we read, too, we are in intense sympathy and correspondence with everything and everybody described. The snow to us is hard as metal and white as ivory, the iron we touch holds our fingers like glue, the air blisters like cantharides and exhilarates like immortal wine, our spirits rise exulting to the rush of the reindeer, we drink hot milk flavored with cinnamon, our frozen blood is stung into action with flaming brandy, we eat all manner of outlandish food, salt and sweet and sour and strong, we drowse between feather beds in floods of comfort, we are hail-fellow-well-met with the flat-headed, scalpin-mouthed, dirty and drunken dwarfs of Lapland, and talk and live with giant girls and herculean men in picturesque garb, and clasp strong hands with large-limbed, rosy Swedes in whose blue eyes burns the old Berserker glory, and whose hearts are of the antique mould of the Norse heroes. To say that such a book is delightful is tame praise. Easy-chair travellers can make their journey into the Arctic circle with no better guide than Bayard Taylor. The warmth of his own enthusiasm and interest spreads through the hearts of those who go with him, be it through these Polar "fairy-lands forlorn," or the airy belts of spice and splendor that gird the Equator.

KENILWORTH, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston; T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) uniform with the household edition of the Waverly novels, is well known as one of the finest of them all. Scholastic inquiry into the causes and character of the genius of Shakspeare, who has invested "the spacious days of great Elizabeth" with an interest above that of any other epoch in modern times, has led to a broader and fuller understanding of the designs, natures and actions of all the great Elizabethan men, and the consequence is that year by year, as the inquiry goes on, Scott's Kenilworth recedes more and more from its former place as a picture of history, into the rarefied air of pure imaginative fiction. But its charms as a story must ever remain intact and unquestionable.

☞ A clergyman was endeavoring to instruct one of his Sunday scholars, a ploughboy, on the nature of a miracle. "Now, my boy," said he, "suppose you were to see the sun rising in the middle of the night, what should you call that?" "The moon, please sur." "No, but," said the clergyman, "suppose you know that it was not the moon, but the sun, and that you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night—what should you think?" "Please, sur, I should think it was time to get up."

☞ "An assembled family, as the legacy to each was read aloud, sobbed and wished that the father had lived to enjoy his own fortune. At last came the bequest to his heir—'I give my eldest son Tom a shilling to buy him a rope to hang himself with.' 'God grant,' said Tom, sobbing like the rest, 'that my poor father had lived to enjoy it himself.'"

☞ A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I can arrive at last in the presence of a man so real, so equal, that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thoughts, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another.—*Emerson.*

☞ When Sir William Scrope was about to charge with his troop at the famous conflict of Edgehill, at the opening ball of the parliamentary campaign with King Charles I., he said to his young scapegrace of a son, "Jack, if I should be killed, lad, you will have enough to spend;" to which the witty rogue answered, "and, egad, father, if I should be killed, you'll have enough to pay."

☞ It is appalling to think how near to the happiest and most prosperous scene of life stands the saddest despair. All homes are haunted with awful possibilities, for whose realization no array of threatening agents is required—no lightning, or tempest, or battle: a peaceful household lamp, a gust of perfumed evening air, a false step in a moment of gaiety, a draught taken by mistake, a match overlooked or mislaid, a moment's oversight in handling a deadly weapon—and the whole scene of life is irretrievably changed!

EASTERN HELP.

Messrs. Editors of the Post:—I have noticed several appeals in your paper, from your aid societies, calling on western people to apply, and employ help from the eastern cities, especially female help. It is very true that help about the house is very much needed, and is very difficult to obtain, but the experience of many of us forbids us advancing money and sending abroad, and agreeing to pay from one to two dollars per week for help, and perhaps when the girl comes she would do just as she pleased, and perhaps waste the amount of her wages weekly. We have had such help frequently. I think a good housekeeper that would be worth, say $1,50 per week, would have no necessity to come west to find work; and one that was not acquainted with housework, and would have to be taught, ought not to have such wages, and should not expect it. We would pay a good girl from $50 to $75 per year, and keep her as long as she would stay; and a worthless one we would not want at any price. Yours, respectfully,

Freeport, Illinois. W. H. W.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE oldest married couple alive are supposed to be a Mr. Snyder and his wife, who reside at Burnside, Pa. He is 111, and she is 107 years old, and they have been married 93 years.

A FEW days since, a mother in the poor house at Taunton, Mass., gave birth to a child weighing eight pounds the mother being 31 years old and the father but 14. The mother herself was born in the poor house. What a commentary upon poor-house life!

DANGERS OF THE RED PETTICOAT.—Three ladies were walking on the Newmarket-road, two of them exhibiting the favorite under garment of the day, when the ire of a passing bullock was excited by the glaring color and he made a dash at the party. The offending ladies succeeded in evading him, but their companion, though in a more sombre garb, was lifted upon a gate by the beast, but sustained no injury beyond the fright.—*Bury Post.*

AN UNRULY PUPIL.—A young man, named Alfred Hopple, was fined $5 and the costs of prosecution for an assault upon Asher Collins, the teacher of a public school in Warrington township, Bucks Co., Pa., in which Hopple had been a pupil. The trial came off at the Court of Quarter Sessions in Doylestown, last week.

THE LATE Earl of Devonshire, in 1846, parted with Newby Park, in Yorkshire, to Mr. George Hudson, then called the "the Railway King," for the sum of $1,750,000. Hudson, who was not ruined by Railwayism, as many suppose, continues owner of this property, and also continues a member of Parliament, for the borough of Sunderland.

PRIVATE ACCOUNTS received from the historian Prescott's most intimate friends say that in the opinion of his physicians he "will have immediate relief from the attack, and be able to do most things in life as he has done before." He says himself, however, that he has had his first warning.

THE St. Louis News thinks that the rumored negro insurrection, near Fayettville, Arkansas, is a hoax.

THE report that Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, has recovered an immense amount of the Russian Government, appears to be incorrect. Mr. Latrobe is now in Europe, attending to the litigation on the question, and is not expected home until the 1st of April.

AN "albino," or white deer, three times the weight of an ordinary deer, has been shot between Red Bluffs and Yreka, in California, after chasing it ten hours. Not a hair on the deer was other than white; even the eyes were white, resembling those of a glass-eyed horse, the sight being of an orange color.

THE late Mr. Biennerhasset, *of St. Louis, who is mentioned as the nephew of the* Hermann Biennerhasset who was made so famous by Wirt, had in his possession the manuscript journal kept by Hermann throughout all his transactions with Burr—the *same document* from which Mr. Davis, in his life of Burr, has given several extracts. It is stated that it is the intention of a member of the family at St. Louis to edit and publish that journal, together with some letters throwing a light on a transaction in which American people, especially of the West, will never cease to take an interest.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—Last Saturday morning, two workmen had occasion to enter a newly finished oven in Pittsburg, Pa., under which a fire had just been lighted. The door closed with a spring on the outside, and they were unable to open it, while the heat was becoming insupportable. In this dilemma they contrived to break a hole in the brick floor and escape into a lower room.

FROM UTAH.—Files of the Deseret News to December contains but little beside inflammatory addresses from the Mormon elders.

From the Los Angeles Star we learn that the mails left Salt Lake City on the 6th of December. The mail carrier reports that there has been no collision between the opposing armies; that the United States troops had gone into winter quarters at Fort Bridger, and that they had lost 2000 of their animals from the rigors of the season.

Governor Cummings had issued his proclamation from Fort Bridger, in Utah Territory, one hundred and thirteen miles east of the city, formerly in Salt Lake county.

The proclamation had been received at Great Salt Lake City, and read in the Tabernacle on the 6th of December. Very free comments were passed upon it, Mr. Carrington, of the News, insisting that it was unofficial, not having specified that the appointment was "by the President of the United States." The elders of the church decided, consequently, that they had as yet no information of the appointment of a new Governor.

After reading the proclamation, it was reported among the crowd outside the Tabernacle, that Brigham had stated he would admit Governor Cummings, but that none of the troops would be permitted to accompany him.

It having been understood that Col. Alexander had made a movement as if he intended to enter the city from the north, by Bear river, it seems, from a hint Brigham let fall, that he has despatched a force to meet him there. This is to be inferred from the fact of seizing the cattle from a man in the north to supply the wants of his troops.

The Mormons are preparing for a long contest. Being free from molestation by the army till May or June, they are all busy in putting in crops—a much greater breadth of land will be cultivated than before.

A report of a recent skirmish between the troops and the Mormons, is believed to be unfounded, as later dates make no mention of it.

NEW YORK HARBOR FILLING UP.—New York papers, basing their remarks upon a series of surveys, represent that New York harbor is steadily becoming smaller, by the enlargement of the bars, and the gaining of the land upon the sea. Within half a century, Sandy-Hook has grown one-third of a mile. The ship channel inside of the bar became half a mile narrower between 1855 and 1856. In the main ship channel, from the Southwest Spit to Gedney's Channel, there has been deposited within twenty years, 2,500,000 cubic feet of sand. The area of the Jersey Flats is also rapidly extending. Artificial encroachments have lessened the tidal area, weakening the power of the tides to carry away the *detritus* that the water holds in suspension. Hence the accumulation of the vast amount of sediment brought down by the river. To this is to be added the sewerage and other matter from the city itself. That the tidal power has diminished is held to be proved by the fact that the tide through Hell Gate, once flowing to Land's Point, is now arrested at Fort Schuyler.

☞ To the truly poetical soul evil and wrong are repulsive; they are mutilations of the pure and perfect and beautiful, which alone it loves,

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE ATTACK ON THE EMPEROR.

Paris, January 20, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The absorbing topic of the week, as you will readily believe, has been the atrocious attempt on the life of the Emperor on the night of the 14th inst., when he went with the Empress to the Opera.

It appears that, exactly as his carriage drew up to the door of that building, a frightful explosion was heard, followed quickly by a second. A grenade of a new and diabolically skillful construction had been thrown under his carriage, and, breaking with the shock, severely wounded his coachman and two of the three valets behind, wrenched the carriage out of shape, killed one of the horses, and so severely wounded the other that the poor animal was obliged to be shot. The steward of Prince Jerome, seven of the lancers who formed the guard that evening, thirteen police-agents, and about a dozen of the crowd that always gathers here to see their Majesties alight were killed on the spot; upwards of sixty, military, police and spectators, including women and children were more or less dangerously wounded. Gen. Ragnet, who was in the carriage with the Emperor, was speaking to the latter as the vehicle drove to the door; and the acclamations of the people rendering it difficult for the Emperor to hear what he was saying, he bent his head forward to listen to the General's remark. At that instant the terrific double explosion took place. A piece of the projectile wounded the General in the neck; another piece went through the Emperor's hat, and a piece of broken glass from the carriage-windows cut his face just below the eye. So battered and wrenched was the carriage that it was almost impossible to open the door. This was at length effected by one of the aide-de-camps, who, greatly excited, implored the Emperor to hasten out of the carriage: the Emperor, coolly remarking, "But you have not let down the steps!" A curious proof of the imperturbable self-command of this singular man.

The steps being let down he got out, the Empress followed, and then the General; and no sooner had they alighted than a third explosion shattered the body of the vehicle, and spread fresh horror and desolation among the crowd.

The sight was heartrending. The ground was streaming with blood as though a street-battle had taken place, and the dead and wounded were lying in every direction upon the pavements. No one knew what new explosions were preparing, or from what direction pistols might be preparing to do their deadly work. The Empress, who refused aid in alighting, saying, as she gracefully declined the official arm which the manager, in full dress, presents to their Majesties as they get out of their carriage—"Let us show them we have more courage than they!"—went at once into the thick of the crowd with the Emperor, and aided him in giving directions for the prompt and careful removal of the victims who were transported to their homes, and to the hospitals; those most severely hurt being carried at once to the nearest apothecaries', and to the large *salle* of the great eating-house by the opera, where doctors, bandages, and every aid of medical science were soon in active request. A quantity of sand was also brought and laid down over the pavement and road to cover the blood from public view. When everything had been done that could be done under the circumstances the Empress was observed with her own hands to help Gen. Ragnet on with his *paletot*; and then the imperial couple went to their box in the opera, where they were received with the most enthusiastic and reiterated acclamations of "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Imperatrice! Vive le Prince Imperial!*" The Empress, though she had borne up so bravely after the explosion, was seen, however, to have a good fit of crying in her box. The violent emotion consequent on so narrow an escape, the sorrow of knowing that so many innocent people had suffered so severely, and the anxiety that she would naturally feel at this fresh proof of the intensity of hatred with which her husband is regarded by a band of pledged assassins, and of the reality of the dangers that threaten his life, might well cause this sudden revulsion of feeling; and few will think less highly of her courage and fortitude that she should have shed these tears when the danger was over.

The *Pays* states that, the next morning, when the Emperor and Empress came out of the chapel where a solemn Thanksgiving had just been performed, the little Prince was brought to his parents, and the Emperor having taken him in his arms, the child noticed the scratch on his father's face, put his finger up to it, and said, "*Bobo!*" (a common word for a pimple or scratch,) "papa, *bobo?*" The child's interest in the "*bobo*" was so lively, that the Emperor said to him, "Do you love your father very much?" to which the little fellow replied by throwing his arms round his neck and kissing him so caressingly that the strong spirit, so calm in the hour of danger, fairly gave way, and he wept like an infant!

But to resume the chronological thread of my narration. The news of the attempt, and of the narrow escape of the Emperor and Empress had spread like wildfire through the city. The Boulevard, and the greater number of the houses near, were illuminated on their return from the Opera; and an immense crowd had collected on their way to the Tuileries, and greeted them with a degree of enthusiasm very unusual in France.

And truly the escape was a most marvellous one. The windows of all the houses for a considerable distance from the scene of the catastrophe were broken, and people were killed, and others wounded, sitting quietly in their own rooms. A piece of the stone wall of the Opera was broken off, all the statues in front of the building more or less injured, and all the gas-lights blown out. The wounds inflicted were excessively deep, owing to peculiarities in the nature of the projectiles, and in many cases the victims were completely riddled with a multitude of minute crystalline particles of iron, microscopically small, yet endowed with such frightful force as to penetrate almost below the reach of the operator. The hollow projectile being charged with fulminate of mercury—a substance possessing six hundred times the detonating power of ordinary gunpowder, and of which chemical treatises actually state that one of its inventors, when experimenting with a minute portion of it, had his hand blown off with such violence that it was forced through the top of the solid oaken table at which he was standing, and bedded in the wall of the laboratory where he was at work; the force of propulsion severed the particles of the steel of which the shell is composed, driving every atom off on its own errand of destruction. It is reported by one of the surgeons most actively engaged in succoring the victims, that, in some cases, upwards of a hundred of these particles were found to have traversed the clothes of a single victim. A splinter entered obliquely the stout leathern sole of a working-lad's shoe, passed through the bone of the great toe, and out again through the opposite side of the sole; a thing which would seem incredible were it not positively vouched for by the eminent practitioner who dressed the lad's wound, and examined his "clouted shoes." One little girl's knee was laid open; another received a fatal wound in the chest, and died as her distracted parents were carrying her away. One little boy had five bad wounds. Many persons had a greater number.

Some of the escapes were most singular. For instance, a neighbor of mine was standing in the front row of the crowd on the pavement, felicitating himself on "the good place" he had secured, to see the Emperor and Empress step out of the carriage. Just as the latter drove up, a woman made a violent move, and forced herself in front of him. He had hardly time to be conscious of the angry feeling which would naturally be excited by such a piece of successful rudeness, when the fearful explosions had taken place. My neighbor was unharmed, but the poor woman's abdomen was literally cut open! It is said that many women slightly hurt, one in particular, with three slight wounds in the legs, owe the preservation of their limbs to the complicated sub draperies now in vogue, that broke the force of the projected splinters!

A touching example of the fidelity on which a French soldier so particularly prides himself, was afforded by one of the Lancers posted as sentry in front of the Opera. Having sent off, as he thought, all the wounded among his detachment, the commanding officer demanded, "Is any one else hurt among the company?"

"I am, *mon capitaine*," answered the sentry, lifting his hand to his shako. As he spoke he fell forward in a fainting-fit; when his comrades had set him on his feet, and were preparing to carry him to the hospital, they found he was dead! He had stood to his post without a sign or a murmur, and died there, in what he regarded as the discharge of his duty.

It has often been remarked that the perpetrators of great crimes, despite their manifold precautions, almost always leave some point of their manœuvres exposed; and that they are tracked by means of some gross piece of blundering that it would seem would have been just the last thing they were likely to have overlooked. This remark has been curiously verified in the present instance. A grenade of similar character to the exploded one, was picked up, with a pistol, at a short distance from the scene of this wholesale murder. Some slight indications had led to the immediate arrest of a shabbily-dressed man among the crowd, on whom a similar grenade was found; and the fact that a very gentlemanly-looking person, who had stationed himself at the opera-door a few minutes before the Emperor's arrival, stating to the police that he was sent there with a view to his Majesty's protection, but had disappeared immediately after the explosion, set the police on the track of this personage. The pistol found being of Paris make, the address of the purchaser was readily obtained; but on going to the house indicated it was found that the man they were in pursuit of was the servant of a party, calling himself an Englishman, who lodged there, but that the servant had a room in a neighboring street. To this room the police-agents directed their steps, and there they found the pretended master, who proved to be a Count Orsini, and to be also the same gentlemanly person who had placed himself at the opera-door, and who doubtless will be found to have given the signal of the attempt. He was wounded. The pretended servant, and two other accomplices, all Italians, have since been arrested. It appears that on the night of the attack, two of these men, who gave themselves out as English gentlemen, and the other two, who enacted the part of servants, went out together, remarking to the porter, as they passed out, that they were going to the theatre. The porter, who thought it odd that if they were going to the theatre, the two domestics should carry each a small bundle done up in a handkerchief, watched them as they went off, and saw that, as soon as they had reached a little distance from the house, and probably thought themselves out of sight, the two pretended servants joined their masters, all four walking on together, in eager conversation.

The capture of two of these assassins has been narrated; the other two were arrested separately, having excited observation by the hurry and anxiety of their manner, and their evident trouble when approached and interrogated by those about them. The four are in prison awaiting trial; they are said to have been living in London for some weeks past, and to have come in with English passports. They do not appear to have had any connexion with the French republicans of any party, although, despite the horror with which the journals of that party reject all suspicion of sympathy with so odious an attempt, it is but too evident for those who look below the surface of French society that there really is a fraction prepared to go to any lengths of crime in the hope of establishing their own violent system in the place of that now established, and which, however strange it may seem to nations in the enjoyment of a freer political *regime*, is most certainly supported by the active approbation of a very large portion of the French people, and the tacit preference of the immense majority of the rest of the nation.

On the day after the attack, the Emperor and Empress, who had received constant bulletins of all the wounded, and had sent every aid to the sufferers, with liberal sums of money to the poorer ones, drove out in an open carriage, without any escort, and visited the Military Hospitals when the wounded soldiers had been received. They were warmly cheered both going and returning; and there can be no doubt that their courage during the danger, and their great and considerate kindness and generosity to the victims, will materially increase their popularity with the mass of the people. And the fact that the party so anxious for the Emperor's overthrow can resort to means so atrocious to effect their purpose, will naturally drive many who may have been of an opposite way of thinking to regard the maintenance of his power as preferable to the risks to be encountered under leadership so unscrupulous.

The expression of public opinion in Europe has been unanimous on this occasion.

The English ambassador, and most of his diplomatic brethren, with a number of grand personages, had presented their felicitations to the Emperor and Empress in their box, or waited at the Tuileries for their return. Queen Victoria, informed of the event by telegraph, telegraphed back her cordial felicitations the same evening; following this demonstration with an autograph letter to the same effect, in her own name and that of Prince Albert. Since then there has been a constant succession of royal letters, addresses and deputations: *Te Deums* have been sung in all the churches; and Protestants and Jews have vied with their Catholic fellow countrymen in their manifestations of satisfaction to Heaven for this remarkable escape. To say that all this is mere hypocritic time-serving, or got up by the police, is evidently absurd; for a whole people cannot be made to move so promptly against its will.

To express the horror inspired by this reckless spreading of death and desolation among a mass of people, in the hope of involving the Emperor in the general ruin, would be to throw away words, as your readers will all, no doubt, be quite inclined to admit its wickedness; but I can not refrain from calling their attention to the cowardice of this band of assassins, who, like their leader, have not the slightest idea of risking their own lives in carrying out their projects. The four men now arrested had made all their preparations for leaving Paris the morning after the perpetration of their crime: as those who were arrested after the former attempt had also counted upon doing. And if these men were really honest and disinterested in their belief of the necessity of killing the Emperor as the first step in the political and social regeneration of the world; if, in short, they were animated by the self-devotion of the veritable fanatic, why does not some one or more of them determine to do their deadly work on the victim himself, under circumstances which would limit the consequences of the deed to the victim and to themselves? Why, for instance, instead of sheltering themselves behind the seventy and odd victims of the late attack, did not one of these men devote himself to killing the Emperor when, a few days ago, as mentioned in my last, the latter was for over two hours on the ice, in the Bois de Boulogne, surrounded by crowds of skaters, and utterly unprotected? An infatuated but honest Brutus would have only had to get near to the Emperor as he was cutting his evolutions on the ice, and he could have shot him with perfect certainty and without injury to others. He would, however, have been very sure of paying for his crime with his own life: and *that* is just what these "reformers" are most anxious not to do.

QUANTUM.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

The Leavenworth correspondent of the *Democrat* says that a bill providing for the formation of a new Constitution, has passed the Kansas Legislature at Lawrence.

Letters are published in the Leavenworth papers containing the proceedings of the Board of Commissioners to investigate the alleged election frauds. Mr. McLean, the chief clerk in the Surveyor-General's Office, testified to having sent the returns of both elections to Platte City, at the request of President Calhoun, and that he had not seen them since. Also, that the returns from Delaware Crossing had never been received at Lecompton. This being doubted, Sheriff Walker was dispatched to Lecompton to search President Calhoun's office. This search was successful, and a number of returns were found buried in the ground under a wood-pile. Among them was the identical return which McLean swore to having sent to Platte City.

Governor Denver, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives examined McLean, who swore they were *the same returns* that President Calhoun counted *on the 14th ultimo. The Delaware Crossing* returns were also among those footing up 349 votes. Previous to this Mr. Dresendoof testified to having given the Delaware Crossing returns to President Calhoun at Weston, subsequent to the count at Lecompton.

It is said that evidence will be produced of the presentation of these returns to President Calhoun when engaged in counting the other votes.

Writs have been issued for the arrest of McLean and Sherwood, who have fled to escape arrest.

The Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* says, as by authority, "Gen. Calhoun visited Judge Douglas shortly after his arrival. They had a long conversation, several persons being present. The Judge inquired in reference to the returns from Delaware Crossing. Calhoun made no answer. Before they separated the inquiry was again made. Calhoun replied that the return had been properly certified. Judge Douglas then gave him some sworn evidence on the subject. Calhoun read and turned pale. About one o'clock at night Calhoun sent to Douglas' House that he was convinced there had been fraud at Delaware Crossing—540 votes being put down where only 40 were cast—and that he had made the correction in the record with the approval of the President. *He authorized Judge Douglas, Mr. Harris, of Illinois, and Gen. Quitman, to publish this fact.*"

THE LAST POLITICAL EXCITEMENT is furnished by the following paragraph in the recent presentation address of our new Minister to Brazil (R. K. Meade) to the Emperor at Rio Janeiro:—

"Their approximation (Brazil and the United States) in many respects, in their political, constitutional organization is well calculated to encourage political and social sympathies promotive of mutual benefits and future commercial progress, *while an institution common to both countries, fixed and deeply rooted in their soil, (with many hostile prejudices to encounter from without,) does now establish an affinity between them, and will insure, for mutual defence, a unity of action and feeling that will prove invincible in the future.*"

His Majesty, in his reply, confined himself to generalities—as do the journals of Rio Janeiro, in noticing the reception.

LAND WARRANTS IN VIRGINIA.—The system of granting warrants to locate vacant and unappropriated lands in Virginia, has been carried to such an excess that Gov. Wise has felt it his duty to protest against the gross frauds practised under it for years. The warrant is granted to anybody who will pay two cents an acre, and the warrantee may find the land where he can in a region already "shingled" over with conflicting titles. Ignorant persons in the north and elsewhere, have bought these warrants at from eighty to one hundred cents an acre, under an impression that there would be no difficulty in making a location, whereas, in truth, there is no land left. The Governor is against any further issues of this sort.

A GOOD-LOOKING NEWSBOY, apparently about sixteen years old, has been for some time traveling upon the cars between Cairo and Centralia, vending literature very successfully. But last week, at Centralia, it was inadvertently discovered that the good-looking newsboy was a woman of some twenty odd years of age. Her disguise had never been suspected. She had travelled with the other boys, played billiards, smoked cigars, swore, and drank whiskey, as easily and naturally as a newsboy might be expected to do. The reason of her disguise, says the Cairo Times, we do not know. Her career as a newsboy has been ended.

THE steamship Star of the West arrived on the 13th inst., at New York with the mails and passengers for the North, and $1,300,000 in gold.

THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

For the special benefit of our lady readers, we give the following account from the *London Times*, of the marriage solemnities between the Princess Royal of England and the Prince of Prussia:—

THE CEREMONIAL.—It is now past twelve o'clock, and the excitement of expectation increases every moment. Ladies who are driven near the door intrigue successfully to change their places with lords who are nearer the altar. A noble countess drops her cloak and shawl over the gallery rail on to the floor with a heavy "flop," and a general titter ensues. It is increased as another peeress, looking over, moults the feathers from her head dress, and they come sailing slowly down, and every one looks up, much as people do at the theatre when a playbill goes eddying over into the pit. Suddenly there is a little stir, and the Princess of Prussia enters the chapel, magnificently attired in a robe of white satin, and with her train borne by the youthful countess Hacke. With her Royal Highness came their Highnesses Prince Adalbert and Prince Frederick Charles, and a most brilliant suite of Prussian officers.

The whole audience of the chapel rises *en masse* and bows as the Princess Royal's mother-in-law elect passes on to the altar. Hardly are they seated there, on the left hand side, when faintly in the distance the long-blown, clear, defiant notes of the trumpeters are heard. They come nearer and nearer, and the last arrivals among the visitors hasten to arrange themselves, while the officers of the household fall into brilliant line along the pathway up the chapel at either side. Step by step the advance of the trumpeters is followed; now they are descending the staircase, the regular roll and beat of the silver kettle drums become audible, and the prolonged triumphant flourish proclaims the approach of her Majesty. The trumpeters, pursuivants, clerks, and equerries file off outside the chapel, but the Lord Steward, Norroy, Clarenceux, Garter, the Lord Privy Seal, the President of the Council, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl Marshal of England, and others of high note and rank, all enter. But they enter almost unobserved, for from behind them comes the Princess Mary of Cambridge, her train borne by Lady Arabella Sackville West. A murmur of admiration, which neither time nor place could altogether subdue, greets her as she enters the chapel, bowing with stately elegance in return for the homage rendered her. After her Royal Highness comes the Duke of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Tyrwhitt; and to the Duke also a tribute of cordial respect is paid. The Duchess of Cambridge is received in the same manner, but a deeper reverence awaits the Duchess of Kent, who smilingly, and as to friends, returns the greeting. The next great notability is the veteran Premier, who bears before the Queen the sword of State in ponderous solemnity. After this even the Royal Princes are unnoticed, and every one bows slowly and deeply as her Majesty, leading in either hand Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, enters the chapel. Of course, on these occasions there is no applause, and nothing but the prolonged obeisances denote the depth of loyal welcome with which the royal mother of the bride is welcomed. The Queen looks as she always looks, kindly and amiable, but self-possessed and stately. On her head is a crown of jewels such as relieves all apprehension as to the effect which the late Hanoverian "raid" upon the royal caskets might have had upon her Majesty's toilet. Courtesying in acknowledgment of the profound homage with which she is welcomed, her Majesty passes at once to the chair of state on the left of the altar, and which is placed between the five embroidered settees occupied by the youngest royal children. From this time all remain standing in the presence of her Majesty, even the Princess of Prussia, who stands on the opposite side of the altar.

Lord Palmerston, on the Queen's right hand, bears the Sword of State, while the Duchess of Sutherland, herself attired in almost royal magnificence, stands on the left by right of office as Mistress of the Robes. Again there is another pause of intense interest, and again the drums and trumpets are heard, and, ushered in with the same imposing ceremonies, comes the procession of the bridegroom. On his right walks his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, his father, and on his left his brother, Prince Albert. All eyes, however, are fixed upon the *royal bridegroom, as he walks slowly, but with* the most perfect ease and *elegance of action*, up the centre of the chapel. He wears the uniform of a Prussian General, with the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia. The uniform shows his tall figure to advantage, and sets off his frank open countenance and prepossessing bearing. Near the altar he stops before her Majesty's chair of state, and slowly bows with the most profound reverence, and, turning to his royal mother, he bows again with equal respect, but less deeply than to the Queen, and then kneeling in the centre of the chapel, prays with earnest devotion for a few minutes. His prayers ended, he rises and stands at the right hand of the altar, waiting his bride, and likewise submitting to such a scrutiny from hundreds of brilliant eyes as never bachelor withstood alone before.

Again a pause ensued—a pause of impressive solemnity, for expectation seems wrought to the highest pitch, and no one speaks, and few even move to disturb the stately solemnity that reigns over the whole interior, while even the most illustrious of the royal guests seem struck and gaze with open admiration on the scene around. It is, indeed, one which might well rivet the attention of Princes, one of those gorgeous visions seldom seen and never forgotten: for within the precincts of that little chapel sits the throned sovereign of the British empire, with her court and princely guests, and surrounded by the greatest and most influential members of the greatest and most influential aristocracy in the whole world. The very building, so small, and yet so rich in its contents, almost suggests the idea of a grand jewel casket, in which all that the nation most values and reverences is put away for greater safety.

After a while, the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain again quit the chapel to usher in the procession of the bride, and with their absence a heavy silence of suspense steals upon the assembled guests, and deepens as the moments pass. The very little whispering gradually grows less and less, until it stops entirely, the plumes cease to wave, and even the restless glitter of the diamonds seem almost quenched as the noble assemblage sits mute and attentive with their eyes turned in eager expectation towards the door. At last there is a slight stir without and a subdued movement passes through the chapel as the glittering uniform of the officers of arms is seen to pass the door. The trumpets are again heard nearer and nearer, till again they die away in subdued cadence, which has an inexpressibly soft and beautiful effect.

The great officers of State enter the chapel, but no one heeds them, for there is a peculiar movement without, and a soft rustling of silk is clearly audible. In another second the bride is at the door, and stands "Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls," that bloom in fair array behind her.

The Court list of the ceremonial tells us that the illustrious personage on whom her right hand gently rests is the Prince Consort, that on her left stands his Majesty, the King of the Belgians, and from the same source we derive our knowledge that both are in full uniform, and wear the collars and insignia of the great European orders of knighthood to which each belongs. Without these aids to recognition, even these royal personages would pass to the altar unnoticed and unknown, so deep, so all-absorbing is the interest excited by the appearance of the bride herself. The gorgeous veil she wears depending from her head-dress is thrown off, and hanging in massive folds behind, leaves the expression of her face completely visible as she walks slowly, her head slightly stooped in bashfulness, and her eyes cast down upon the ground. Thus all can see distinctly the mild, amiable expression of her face, so replete with kindness and deep feeling, and that peculiarly touching aspect of sensitiveness, to attempt to portray which would

"Only prove how valuble words essay
To fix the spark of beauty's heavenly ray."

Her bright bloom of color has completely deserted her, and even when compared with her snowy dress, her cheeks seem pale, and her whole appearance denotes tremulousness and agitation.

In these ceremonies we believe the dress of the bride ranks next in importance to the celebration of the service; but on this occasion the Princess Royal wore one so thoroughly in good taste that it is difficult to remark anything, save that it is exquisitely becoming, beautiful, and white. In fact, its unity only recalls to mind the belle of the French court, who is said to dress with such a perfection of good taste that one can never observe what she wears. While, however, we mention this as the actual effect of the costume, we may state, for the further information of the readers, that it was manufactured by Mrs. Darvill, designed by Miss Janet Fife, and composed of a rich robe of white moire antique, ornamented with three flounces of Honiton lace.

The design of the lace consists of bouquets in open work of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, in three medallions. At the top of each flounce, in front of the dress, are wreaths of orange and myrtle blossoms—the latter being the bridal flower of Germany—every wreath terminating with bouquets of the same flowers, and the length of each being so graduated as to give the appearance of a robe defined by flowers. The apex of this floral pyramid is formed by a large bouquet worn on the girdle. The train, which is of the unusual length of more than three yards, is of a white moire antique, trimmed with two rows of Honiton lace, surmounted by wreaths similar to those on the flounces of the dress, with bouquets at short intervals.

Next to the interest excited by the appearance of the bride herself is the feeling created by the fair bridesmaids, who, "in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls," follow in stately array, bearing up the rich train of the Princess Royal between them. The ladies honored with this distinguished mark of royal favor are all among the personal friends of the young bride, and, what is most singular, are every one lineally descended from the great royal house of England and Scotland.

The dresses worn by this fair train are from a design furnished by the illustrious bride herself. They consist of a white glace petticoat, entirely covered by six deep tulle flounces, over which falls a tunic of tulle trimmed with ruches of tulle, looped up on one side with a bouquet of pink roses and white heather. The body is trimmed with draperies of tulle, with hanging sleeves of the same material trimmed with ruches. A bouquet of the same flowers is worn on the girdle and upon each shoulder.

As the bride passes up to the altar she stops and makes a deep reverence to her mother, though with evident agitation, and her face flushes like crimson; then, again turning, she renders the same homage to the Prince of Prussia. As she does so the bridegroom elect advances, and, kneeling on one knee, presses her hand with an expression of fervent admiration that moves the august audience. Taking their places then at the altar, and with their illustrious relatives standing round in a group of unequalled brilliancy, the service commences with the chorale, which peals through the little building with the most solemn effect.

The hymn over, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury took his place in the centre of the altar, and assisted by the Bishop of London as dean of the Chapel Royal, the Bishop of Oxford as lord high almoner, the Bishop of Chester as clerk of the closet, the Dean of Windsor as domestic chaplain, and the Rev. Dr. Wesley as sub-dean of the chapel Royal, the marriage service is commenced at exactly ten minutes to one.

The Rubric is rigidly adhered to throughout.

At the moment the ring was placed upon the bride's finger, a salvo of artillery, arranged by signal, reverberated through the corridors and chapel; and at the same instant a telegraphic message was despatched by Count Bernstorff to Berlin, where the King, with reciprocal affection, had signified his intention of marking the event by a similar salute.

The usual prayer was then offered up, and the Primate, joining their hands together, said, "Whom God has joined let no man put asunder."

The psalm commencing "God be merciful unto us, and bless us: *and show us the light of* His countenance, and be merciful unto us," was then sung. The royal couple then knelt, with all the bridesmaids, while the rest of the ceremony was proceeded with, the Bishop of London, in a clear and distinct voice reading the exhortation. *At the concluding words, the Hallelujah chorus rose clear and loud, with thrilling effect.*

Hardly had the last words of the chorus died away in solemn echoes, when the ceremonial, as arranged by chamberlains and heralds, ended, and the bride, giving vent to her evidently long pent-up feelings, turned and flung herself upon her mother's bosom with a suddenness and depth of feeling that thrilled through every heart. Again and again her Majesty strained her to her heart and kissed her, and tried to conceal her emotion; but it was both needless and vain, for all perceived it, and there were few who did not share it. We need not mention how the bridegroom embraced her, and how, as she quitted him, with the tears now plainly stealing down her cheeks, she threw herself into the arms of her father, while her royal husband was embraced by the Princess of Prussia in a manner that evinced all that only a mother's love can show. The most affecting recognition, however, took place between the bridegroom and his royal father, for the latter seemed overpowered with emotion, and the former, after clasping him twice to his heart, knelt and kissed his parent's hand.

The Queen then rose, and hurrying across the *haut pas* with the Prince Consort, embraced the Princess of Prussia as one sister would another after long parting, and, turning to the Prince of Prussia, gave him her hand, which, as he stooped to kiss, she stopped him, and declined the condescension by offering her cheek instead. But words will feebly convey the effect of the warmth, the abandonment of affection and friendship, with which these greetings passed, the reverence with which the bridegroom saluted her Majesty, the manly heartiness with which he wrung the Prince Consort's hand, for by the workings of his face it was evident he could not trust his tongue to speak. After a few minutes had been allowed for the illustrious personages to recover their composure, during which the bride again lost hers, while she received, with all the affecting warmth of a young and attached family, the congratulations of her brothers and sisters, the procession prepared to leave the church. There was some little hurry as the various personages fell into their places, but at last the bride and bridegroom left.

There was no mistake about the expression of the bride's face as she quitted the sacred building. Her delicate color returned, her eyes sparkled with emotion, and there was such a light of happiness upon her features as she turned upon her royal husband a look of the most supreme affection, that even the most reserved felt moved, and an audible "God bless her" passing from mouth to mouth accompanied her upon her way. The procession of her Majesty then passed to the Throne Room in the same order in which it entered the chapel, and again reassembled in that chamber. Here, in front of the massive throne on which have sat in state so many of our monarchs, a splendid table was set out, on which lay the register. As the dignitaries of the church returned to the Throne Room, this was attested in the usual form.

An immense number of illustrious and noble individuals had the honor of signing this document, and we append the order and arrangement in which the actual members of the Royal families did so affix their signatures after those of the bride and bridegroom:—

"VICTORIA.
"ALBERT, Prince Consort.
"PRINCE of Prussia.
"AUGUSTA, Princess of Prussia
Duchess of Saxony.
"LEOPOLD.
"VICTORIA.
"ALBERT EDWARD.
"ALFRED.
"ALICE.
"AUGUSTA.
"GEORGE.
"MARY ADELAIDE."

Every person present was presented with the marriage service, beautifully printed in red and gold, and bound in white and gold.

PRESENTS TO THE BRIDE.—Her Majesty gave her royal daughter, as a bridal present, a necklace of diamonds, and the Prince Consort a set of diamonds and emeralds. The Prince of Wales' gift was diamonds and opals, and that of the Princess Alice a diamond brooch. The Maharajah Duleep Singh gave a magnificent opera glass, and the King of the Belgians a Brussels lace dress valued at £1,000 sterling.

A letter from Berlin says—"The nuptial present destined by Prince Frederic William for his royal bride consists of a pearl necklace of unusual beauty and costliness. The necklace consists of 32 large Oriental pearls, pronounced by connoisseurs to be remarkably pure, and the larger of which, those towards the centre, are of the size of a hazel nut. The cost of this little collection, which has been completed only by dint of great diligence during a lengthened period, is stated to amount to 28,000 thalers (£4,200.) For six ladies, who have been the companions and friends of the Princess Royal hitherto, the Prince takes with him six golden bracelets, consisting of a broad rich band of gold, bearing a shield on which is mounted a Prussian eagle, the wings of which are encrusted with diamonds. The Princess of Prussia has also had a set of diamond and turquoise ornaments arranged with excellent taste, as her present to the Princess Royal. Another present, destined for the Bishop of London by the Prince is a copy of the New Testament printed in folio by the celebrated printing firm of Decker, in Berlin, which formerly enjoyed the monopoly of printing all state documents. This work was got up by the above firm in 1840, at the fourth centenary of the invention of book printing, celebrated here in Berlin, for the purpose of showing the world what Prussia could produce in this branch of industry, and was admitted to bear off the palm from all the other competitors of fame on this occasion. The types, which are of unusual size and elegance of form, were all founded specially for the work, and the initial letters of the chapters are decorated and illuminated after designs by Kaulbach. As yet this work stands unrivalled as a typographical *chef d'œuvre*, but the triumph has not been obtained without a great sacrifice of money as well as of time and labor; for although a single copy of this one volume is not sold for less than 300 thalers, (£45,) the printer still makes a considerable loss on it. The copy destined for the bishop is bound in dark blue velvet, and mounted with massive silver clasps, &c., richly chased, so that the book in its bound state weighs 77 lbs."

Among the nuptial gifts which have been offered to her Royal Highness, the Princess Royal, we doubt if one will be found combining more utility and taste than that dispatched from Keswick by Messrs. Banks & Co., the pencil manufacturers. So far back as June it was officially intimated to Mr. Banks that an offering of the produce of his manufactory to the illustrious lady on the occasion of her marriage, would be accepted, and acting upon this permission, he prepared a most elegant work of art, namely, a rich mother-of-pearl casket, with gold hinges, key and lock. On the lid of the box was inserted a small gold plate bearing the arms of England and Prussia. Internally it was lined with white satin, the divisions being composed of purple velvet. The contents were two dozen of pencils, tastefully colored and filled with the purest Burrowdale lead, a mineral which on account of its extreme costliness and rarity has ceased to be used in pencils made for sale. On one dozen were inscribed in gold letters, "Princess Royal of England, 1858;" and on the other, "Prince Frederic William of Prussia, 1858."

THE DEJEUNE—THE WEDDING CAKE.—Soon after the return of her Majesty and the court, the Queen and Prince Consort, with their royal highnesses Prince and Princess Frederic William, of Prussia, the *royal* family, and the foreign princes, passed from the picture gallery into the state dinner-room, where a *dejeune* was served.

The wedding cake was placed in the middle of the table. It was between six and seven feet in height, and was divided, from the base to the top, into three compartments, all in white.

The upper part was formed of a dome of open work, on which rested a crown. Eight columns on a circular plinth supported the dome, and enclosed an altar on which stood two cupids, holding a medallion, having the profile of the Princess Royal on one side, and that of Prince Frederic William of Prussia on the other. Festoons of jasmine were suspended from the capitals of the columns, and busts of the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Prince of Prussia, and the Princess of Prussia, were placed on four equidistant bases projecting from the plinths.

The middle portion contained niches, in which were a number of statues, including those of Innocence and Wisdom. These statues were separated by broad buttresses of an ornamental character, the upper parts decorated with festoons of orange blossom and silver leaves.

The side of the cake itself displayed the arms of Great Britain and Prussia placed alternately on panels of white satin, and between each coat of arms was a medallion of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederic William, encircled by orange blossoms and surmounted by an imperial crown.

Rows of pearls bordered each division of the cake, which was made by M. Paguiez, her Majesty's confectioner. The cake was divided into a certain number of portions or slices, and each portion was decorated with a medallion of the royal bride and bridegroom.

The plateau contained fourteen gilt baskets and vases of silver gilt, the former elevated on golden tripods, and all filled with artificial flowers.

At the State Concert in the evening, "God Save the Queen" concluded the performances. The following new verses, written for the occasion, by Mr. Tennyson, poet laureate, were sung by all the principal performers and chorus:

"God bless our Prince and Bride!
God keep their hands allied,
God save the Queen!
Clothe them with righteousness,
Crown them with happiness,
Them with all blessings bless,
God save the Queen!

"Fair fall this hallow'd hour,
Farewell our England's flower,
God save the Queen!
Farewell, fair rose of May,
Let both the peoples say,
God bless thy marriage day,
God bless the Queen!"

The Princess of Prussia wore a dress of cloth of gold, trimmed with gold lace and flowers of bright color, with diamonds; a wreath of flowers and diamonds to match the dress, a necklace of emeralds and diamonds.

AN INCIDENT AT WASHINGTON.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Post writes the following amusing apple feat:

I cannot help telling you a little incident of Secretary Toucey's reception. One of the guests, a gentleman, having a lady on his arm, took from the table a large, fine apple, probably for the little ones at home, and his coat sleeves being large, he secreted it in the sleeve of his right arm. Unfortunately he forgot the circumstance just at the moment he should not, for in making his retiring bow he gave a flourish of his arm and pitched the apple almost in the Secretary's face! It bounded and rolled away till it lodged under some lady's crinoline, while the poor gentleman looked as much mortified and astonished as if he had accidentally fired a bombshell in the parlor. This incident was too ludicrous for gravity, and even the grave and dignified secretary was forced into a broad smile, which expanded into a grin all around the parlor. Some wag scrambled to get the apple, and restored it to the discomfited gentleman, who then incontinently took himself off.

WILD PIGEONS IN VIRGINIA.—A correspondent of the Lynchburg Virginian, writing from Hat Creek, Campbell county, says the pigeon roost is the great subject of interest in that part of the country. It is supposed that nearly 100,000 of the birds have been killed in the war waged against them by the people in that section. The thrifty housewives manufacture beds from the feathers, and the people feast on their delicate meat.

OLD LETTERS.

Old letters! wipe away the tear,
And gaze upon these pale mementoes;
A pilgrim finds his journal here
Since first he took to walk on ten toes.

Yes, here are scrawls from Clapham Rise—
Do mothers still their school-boys' pamper?
Oh, how I hated Doctor Wise!
Oh, how I loved a well-fill'd hamper!

How strange to commune with the Dead—
Dead joys, dead loves, and wishes thwarted.
Here's cruel proof of friendships fled,
And sad enough of friends departed.

And here's the offer that I wrote
In '31, to Lucy Diver;
And here John Wylie's begging note—
He never paid me back a stiver!

And here my feud with Major Spike,
Our bet about the French Invasion;
On looking back I acted like
A donkey upon that occasion.

And here a letter from "the Row"—
How mad I was when first I learnt it!
They would not take my Book, and now
I'd give a trifle to have burnt it.

And here a heap of notes, at last,
With "love" and "dove," and "ever" "never"—
Though hope, though passion may be past,
Their perfume is as sweet as ever.

A human heart should beat for two,
Whatever say your single scorners,
And all the hearths I ever knew
Had got a pair of chimney corners.

See here a double violet—
Two locks of hair—a deal of scandal!
I'll burn what only brings regret—
Go, Betty, fetch a lighted candle.

WHAT MEN TALK ABOUT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

That men can talk and do talk well, is as true, and as generously acknowledged by their natural friends, the opposite sex, as that they sometimes talk foolishly and too much. In the first place, *what* do they talk much about.

Firstly—Politics.

Secondly—Horses.

Thirdly—Women.

Now, the first is their natural element, and feeling at home in it, of course they talk well. Men, as well as women, are known to possess tongues, and when once that little member is let loose on this, their darling subject, it is very difficult to draw the rein tight enough to stop it. This is all very well at proper seasons, and in proper places; but we have often been one of a company of some half dozen men, and as many women, when the conversation was expected to be general, and interesting to both sexes. Was it so? Let me tell you. The men, after making their bows on entering, collected in a group in the most obscure corner of the room, and immediately began a discussion on the affairs of the nation, leaving the poor, deserted women, standing or sitting under the full glare of the gas lights, looking foolish enough. They must now start some subject, or solace themselves with the few words they can catch, such as "Douglas, Utah, Buchanan, Lecompton, Nebraska," &c., &c. Women are not expected to take a part in this conversation, and must not show the annoyance they feel, but must wait with what patience they can command for the long discussion to come to a close. Vain hope! nothing will stop those "small members," until the refreshments are brought in, and even then, "Kansas" and "Administration" will be heard much more frequently than is pleasant to the hostess or her female visitors.

Is this right? Is it proper? Would it not, at least, be more *polite* to converse on subjects of general interest, or if politics must be the theme, invite the women to take a part in it? Women, as well as men, read the papers in these days, and are much better posted upon such matters than men are aware of, but they would be put down at once as "strong minded women," (a term of reproach,) if they dared to express the interest they feel.

Horses! What will not men say about horses! A woman may ride well, and be admired for the accomplishment; she may even own a horse, but she must not talk of them. Let a party of men and women be seated in a carriage for a drive; the horses start off on a brisk trot, and off go the men's tongues at the same moment in praise of their favorite animal. "Fine gait, neat limbs, long wind," &c., &c., is all that can be heard for the first mile, and then follow anecdotes of all the horses they have ever owned, driven or read of. The women, in the meantime, must not utter a word, no matter how much they are interested. It would appear "so masculine" for them to know anything about horses; they might perhaps venture to remark that *it* had "pretty ears," but to know that a horse had legs would be horrid. So the men talk horse, and the women enjoy the ride, if they can.

We do not expect, nor do we wish, men to be those "faultless monsters whom the world ne'er saw," still would it not be as sensible for them to talk in our presence on such subjects as they wish and expect us to take an interest in?

The other day, a husband, who is very kind and attentive, brought to the door a horse for his wife to ride.

"My dear," said she, "I do not like the looks of that animal; his ears are too close together, and his eyes are too glassy."

"What do you know about horses?" was the gruff question, meant as a reply.

The lady mounted without another word, but they had not proceeded far before the husband was glad to see his wife safely deposited in a soft mud hole, while the vicious animal ran headlong down a steep hill, flinging his heels in defiance at his pursuers.

Women. Men, when with women, do not talk much on this subject, but groups of men, or more often two, speculate on the great subject. They can tell wonderful tales of the vanity, deceit and frailty of woman, and if you believed all they said, you might think the "weaker sex" weak indeed. Far be it from our intention to say that no men talk better.—The image of many a beloved father, many a good husband, many an attractive and most admirable man rises up to silence such an assertion. But we believe it not unfair to say that men do, at times, talk rather too much on certain subjects, and particularly foolish are their remarks on women.

Our greatest consolation is that they do not mean half they say; and of this we are assured by the efforts they make to gain the confidence of the sex they so often decry.

Man is undoubtedly the king of the world, and if he would have a consort worthy of him, he should strive to raise her to his own level, by introducing in her presence such topics as are suited to her taste and capacity; for there is no surer way of making women serious, flippant and deceitful, than to talk as if they were so. Men find out very readily what is most becoming to their lady friends, in dress and manner: let them also, as undeniably they will, find out what is most so in conversation.

We may be severely criticised for venturing these few remarks, but firmly trusting in the well-known gallantry of *our superiors*, we hope they may not take unkindly the hints we give them. AUNT ALICE.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We think Aunt Alice should remember that about the only time many men have to talk together upon the subjects that peculiarly interest them, is when themselves and wives are visiting. It is but natural, it seems to us, that the gentlemen, on such occasions, should often be found grouped together, conversing upon politics, horses, agriculture, &c; and the ladies likewise in a close circle, discussing various matters of dress and domestic economy. Of course there should be more or less conversation on general subjects also. And as Aunt Alice is a sensible woman, and evidently thinks that there is something too little of this general conversation, we commend her "hints" to our readers of *both* sexes.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

THOMSON AND QUIN.—Thomson, the poet, when he first came to London, was in very narrow circumstances, and was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. Upon the publication of his Seasons, one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money.

The report of this misfortune reached the ears of Quin, who had read the Seasons, but never seen their author; and he was told that Thomson was in a sponging-house in Holborn. Thither Quin went, and being admitted into his chamber, "Sir," said he, "you don't know me, but my name is Quin." Thomson said, that though he could not boast of the honor of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit, and invited him to sit down. Quin then told him he was come to sup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse.

When supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr. Quin told him it was "now time to enter upon business." Thomson declared he was ready to serve him as far as his capacity would reach, in anything he could command, (thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama.) "Sir," says Quin, "you mistake me: I am in your debt. I owe you a hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you."

Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied that, as he was a gentleman whom he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to trifle with his misfortunes. "No," said Quin, raising his voice, "I say I owe you a hundred pounds, and there it is;" and, suiting the action to the word, immediately laid a banknote of that value before him.

Thomson, astonished, begged he would explain himself. "Why," said Quin, "I will tell you. Soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it into my head, that, as I had something to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will. Among the rest of my legatees, I set down the author of the Seasons for a hundred pounds; and, this day hearing that you were in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as order my executors to pay it, when perhaps you might have less need of it; and this, Mr. Thomson, is my business."

THE WONDERFUL CONJUROR.—Wiljalba Frikell, physician to her Majesty the Empress of Russia, by his sleight-of-hand tricks has created admiration and surprise at the Hanover Square Rooms. He dispenses entirely with apparatus. The eye is no longer dazzled with that brilliant arrangement of the theatre, those mystic apparitions and bewildering instruments placed around, and that general aspect of the house which bespeaks of spells, charms, divinations, and secrets of the invisible powers. Professor Wiljalba Frikell enters on a platform divested of every species of furniture or article, excepting two plain chairs and a plain table. The table presents no overhanging coverlet, indicative of concealed drawers and secret panels at top. He uses no tin boxes, suggestive of false bottoms; he has no recourse to bottles with chemical admixtures: nor does he, at least as far as the shrewdest can surmise, deal in magnetic influences. How, therefore, he accomplishes some of his tricks must puzzle the most renowned professors themselves, and throws ordinary conjecture entirely out of its reckoning. He can throw a single card the whole extent of Hanover Square Rooms, without any weight being attached, as has been proved. The professor makes his first appearance on the platform with a silk handkerchief in his hand, which he waves up and down, opens, shakes, and rolls into a ball, to show that it conceals nothing. Suddenly he throws up the handkerchief, and shoots from it a large plume of ostrich feathers, and scatters them on the platform. This he repeats several times, until he is literally surrounded with feathers. The performance is varied by placing the same handkerchief on one of the chairs, raising it up and bringing from beneath a globe filled with water, and fishes swimming in it, which is effected three times. The other feat is perhaps still more surprising. Having procured from some gentleman his hat, and establishing to all its emptiness, Herr Frikell takes from the inside one hundred and sixty silver goblets. This exploit, as may be readily imagined, excites the spectators to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and sends them away overwhelmed with delight and astonishment.

THE MODERN GIANTS.—Byrne, the famous Irish giant, who died in London some years since, measured eight feet two inches. Cornelius Magrath, who died in the year 1790, measured seven feet eight inches. Edward Malone, another Irishman, was seven feet eight inches, and was nearly equal in stature and size to Daniel Cardanus, a Swedish giant. Dr. Cheseldon, the famous anatomist, speaks of a skeleton discovered in a Roman camp, near St. Albans, England, which he judged to have been eight feet four inches. Goliath of Gath, according to Bishop Cumberland, was eleven feet high, and Maximilius, the Emperor, was nine feet high.

☞ COW BELL(S)—A milk maid.

A PROTEST.

FROM BAYARD TAYLOR'S RECENT CORRESPONDENCE.

In a certain contingency, the ancient Israelites excused a man from all military duty for the space of one year; but in our exacting times, I have no right to expect that the same dispensation of Providence will justify me in laying aside my steel (pen) for a longer space than one month. Not that writing is a necessity to me. On the contrary, I am sometimes heartily tired of it, and wish that I had been born with a spade in my hand, instead of a quill. My Nemesis is the word "contract," and my only consolation, when she sometimes drives me too hard, is the saving clause I inserted, that I should only write when I had (or supposed I had) something to say. During the past month, I have written nothing, and you have lost nothing. For I persist in the antiquated idea that the public has no right to know anything about the private life of an author. His household gods are as sacred as those of any other individual whatever; and if he chooses to keep a skeleton, that is his own business.

That certain portions of my life have been betrayed to the world, is a thing for which I am not accountable. I have always resisted and protested against any such revelation, either in my own case or in that of others. You, anonymous American females, who still persist in sending me letters, for the most part either silly or impertinent—should you be well pleased, if I, knowing you personally, were to entertain the public with the secrets of your hearts or your toilettes? Reverse the case, in your imaginations, and you may perhaps spare me, henceforth, the bore of your advice and your meddling criticism.

There is scarcely an American author of any reputation who is not subjected to this private annoyance, in addition to published misstatements of his life, plans, finances, political and religious creed, etc. Two years ago, the newspapers insisted on marrying me to somebody in Ohio—I never could discover precisely to whom—and the result was a shower of anonymous letters, some of which were positively insulting. I have since learned that English authors are subjected to the same annoyance, though in a less degree. In Germany, there is not much of it—which is rather to be wondered at. I have read lately, in American papers, statements that Tennyson was ruining himself by opium-eating, and that Thackeray formerly made a living by shaving, at an enormous usury, the bills of young heirs. Knowing both the men, as I do—and they are two of God's own noblemen—I pronounce these stories outrageous lies. There is not the shadow of a foundation for either of them. If these things are the inevitable shadow of an author's fame, then, as Tennyson sings:

"Better the life of bush and brier,
The bird that pipes his own desire
And dies unheard within his tree,
Than his who warbles long and loud,
And falls at Glory's temple gate—
For whom the carrion vulture waits,
To tear his heart before the crowd!"

I ask pardon for this digression, which is not wholly personal, since the annoyance is so general. Perhaps this protest, which I make for the first and last time, may save me future lamentations over a "lost ideal." I wish it to be understood that I never set up for an ideal. Quite the contrary. My tastes are really of the realest kind, including rocking-chairs, oysters, fast horses, Christy's Minstrels, lager bier, macaroni, Havana cigars, Flemish artists, sausages, salt bathing, pickled herrings, the raising of vegetables, Newfoundland dogs, camp-fires, sailors, lumbermen, uneducated men, and dinners generally. If your ideal embraces all these, ye anonymuice (the plural, I suppose, of anonymous,) hold on to it, and may it comfort you.

I know an American author who was once bored for a long time by a female acquaintance for sympathy and tender appreciation of her ideas of "spiritual duty." "Mr. Plutarch," she would say, "is there a more serene and sublime satisfaction in life than that of discovering your spiritual duty, and then conscientiously performing it? Have you not often, in your own soul, felt this tranquil bliss?" The author bore this for a time, but human patience has its limits. "No," he answered at last; "I hate to do my spiritual duty. If I know what it is, I won't do it; but, Madam, there is one thing which *does* fill me with a serene and sublime satisfaction, and reconciles me to the hollowness of life." "Pray, pray, what is it?" she asked eagerly. "Madam, it is a pig's nose, boiled with cabbage!" was his quiet answer. He was never forgiven.

I am not afraid of applying the moral of this story—every word of which is true—to my own case.—*New York Tribune.*

BURR'S PRESENCE OF MIND.—Col. T. B. Thorpe furnishes us with the following reminiscence of the "imperturbable Burr:"

"When in Louisville, Kentucky, some years since, I had the pleasure, a pleasure which I shall never forget, of meeting with Judge Rowan, one of the most remarkable men of his day. In a conversation of an evening, the Judge among other reminiscences of early times, alluded to the arrest of Aaron Burr, on his arrival in Louisville, in charge of the United States authorities. Burr, for the time being, occupied the principal room of the then fashionable hotel of the day, and was constantly surrounded by a crowd of visitors drawn together either by sympathy or curiosity.

"Among the persons present were Judge Rowan and Mr. Clay. As night drew on, the crowd outside of the hotel, composed of the wild patriotic sons of the West, became violent in their denunciations of Burr, and so warm did this clamor become that many persons thought that Burr would be seized by the people and summarily dealt with. In the midst of the excitement almost every person immediately about Burr became more or less anxious for his safety, when Mr. Clay, then just in the opening of his brilliant career, with a politeness that he alone could assume, stepped up to Mr. Burr and said: 'Sir, depend upon it, whatever may be the feeling outside, we, your friends present, will defend you.' Burr, hardly half the stature of Mr. Clay, instantly assumed an air of dignity that rivalled that of 'Harry of the West.' His brilliant eyes flashed fire, and stepping back, he replied—'I have never in my life, sir, been placed under any circumstances *where I could not defend myself!*'"

☞ If the world seems not the better for us, it might be worse without us.—*Cattle.*

WHAT MODERN CIVILIZATION OWES TO A COUPLE OF MEDIEVAL LOVERS.

It is sufficient to remark the appearance of Abelard in the twelfth century, as the commencement of a reaction against the dogmatic authority of the Church. It was henceforth possible to reason and to inquire, and there can be no doubt that Protestantism, even in this modified and isolated form, had a beneficial effect on the establishment it assailed. A new armory was required to meet the assaults of dialectic scholarship. Dialecticians and scholars were therefore, henceforth, as much valued in the Church as self-flagellating friars, and miracle-performing saints. The faith was now guarded by a noble array of highly polished intellects, and the very dogma of the total abnegation of the understanding at the bidding of the priest, was supported by a show of reasoning which few other questions had called forth. With the enlargement of the clerical sphere of knowledge, refinement in taste and sentiment took place. And at this time, as philosophic discussion took its rise with Abelard, the ennobling and idealization of women took its birth contemporary with the sufferings of Eloisa. Up to this period, the Church had avowedly looked with disdain on woman, as inheriting, in a peculiar degree, the curse of our first parents, because she had been the first to break the law. Knightly gallantry, indeed, had thought proper to elevate the feminine ideal, and clothe with imaginary virtues the heroines of its fictitious idolatry. It made her the aim and arbiter of all its achievements. The principal seat in hall and festival was reserved for the softer sex, which hitherto had been considered scarcely worthy of reverence or companionship. Perhaps this courtesy to the ladies on the part of knights and nobles began in an opposition to the wife-secluding habits of the Orientals against whom they fought, as at an earlier date the worship of images was certainly maintained by Rome as a protest against the unadorned worship of the Saracens. Perhaps it arose from the gradual expansion of wealth, and the security of life and property, which left time and opportunity for the cultivation of the female character. Ladies were constituted chiefs of societies of nuns, and were obeyed with implicit submission. Large communities of young maidens were presided over by widows who were still in the bloom of youth, and so holy and pure were these sisterhoods considered, that brotherhoods and monks were allowed to occupy the same house, and the sexes were only separated from each other, even at night, by an aged abbot sleeping on the floor between them. Though this experiment failed, the fact of its being tried proved the confidence inspired by the spotlessness of the female character. Other things conspired to give a greater dignity to what had been called the inferior sex. The death of whole families in the Crusade had left the daughters heiresses of immense possessions. In every country but France the Crown itself was open to female succession, and it was henceforth impossible to affect a superiority over a person merely because she was corporeally weak and beautiful, who was lady of strong castles, and could summon a thousand retainers beneath the banners of her house. The *very elevation* of the women with whom they were surrounded—the peeresses, and princesses, and even the ladies of lower rank, to whom the voice of the troubadours attributed all the virtues under heaven—necessitated in the mind of the clergy a *corresponding elevation* in the character of the Queen and representative of the female sex, whom they had already worshipped as personally without sin, and endowed with superhuman power. At this time the immaculate conception of the holy Virgin was first broached as an article of belief—a doctrine which, after being dormant at intervals, and occasionally blossoming into declaration, has finally received its full ratification by the authority of the present Pope—Pius the Ninth.—*The Eighteen Christian Centuries.*

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.—A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as time, are also annihilated, so that almost while an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a common soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had at the same moment produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamt that he had crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakening in the fright, found that he had not been in bed ten minutes.

TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.—Dr. Elder, in his interesting Biography of Dr. Kane, relates that he once asked him after his return from his last Arctic expedition, "for the best proved instance that he knew of the soul's power over the body—an instance that might push the hard-baked philosophy of materialism to the consciousness of its own idiocy." He paused a moment, and then said, with a spring, "The soul can lift the body out of its boots, sir. When our captain was dying—I say dying: I have seen scurvy enough to know—every old scar in his body was a running ulcer. If consolidation festers under its wounds correspondingly, hell is not hard to understand. I never saw a case so bad that either lived or died. Men die of it usually, long before they are so ill as he was. There was trouble aboard; there might be mutiny. So soon as the breath was out of his body we might be at each other's throats. I felt that he owed even the repose of dying to the service. I went down to his bunk, and shouted in his ear, 'Mutiny, captain, mutiny!' He shook off the cadaveric stupor; 'Set me up,' he said, 'and order those fellows before me.' He heard the complaint, ordered punishment, and from that hour convalesced. Keep that man awake with danger, and he wouldn't die of anything until his duty was done."

CARL.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Up the sky, in silence holy,
Comes the young moon, slowly, slowly,
Softly with her light divine
Filling, like a cup with wine.

On the broad bay falls her lustre
Where the anchored vessels cluster,
While their sails gleam snowy-white,
Brightened by her pearly light.

Thou whose restless, high endeavor
Led thee from my sight forever,—
To thy home beyond the sea
Comes there any thought of me?

Only last year thou wert roaming
With me in the dewy gloaming,
Talking with low-murmuring lips
Of the moonlight and the ships.

Now again I wander nightly
When the radiance falling whitely,
All across the sleeping bay
Builds a broad and shining way,—

But the scene so dreamy tender
Loses half its mystic splendor
Since upon the whispering shore
Thou wilt walk with me no more.

For though fame and beauty wear
Crown thine earnest life-endeavor,
On the moon-rise and the sea
Thou hast looked thy last with me.

—*Evening Gazette.*

SOME INFORMATION RESPECTING AN UNPOPULAR ANIMAL.

Next to the serpent, between which and the "seed of the woman" there is placed a natural—it may be a divine—hostility, there is no animal—for which we have a more instinctive aversion than the *Mephitis Americana*. It is, we believe, an American animal—being found on no other continent; and though offensive when assailed, is not without its uses in the economy of Nature. It is a domestic animal—seeking the habitations of man, and, it is said, may be tamed with great success. The distinguished naturalist, Catesbury, says he had one "tamed as a pet, that would follow him like a little dog, without offering to offend any one by its peculiar odor, which it has the power of dispensing at will." This, we believe, it ejects only when provoked by assault. The other evening we stepped out of doors, with a light in hand, for the purpose of examining our thermometer, which hung against the wall. As we stood looking at the instrument, our light betrayed a movement between our feet, which, on a closer inspection, we found it to be a very beautiful little animal, partly white and partly black, which bears the name of skunk. He did not offer to injure us, nor we to disturb him, and so, after giving him an egg, we parted good friends. True, we have to keep our poultry out of his reach—so, also, must we put other animals and things beyond harm's way: indeed, we can have nothing without care; but there are worse enemies than skunks in the world. We once studied with a venerable Congregationalist clergyman, who had a peculiar fondness for these beautiful and savory animals. He encouraged their breeding about his premises, and fed them in his yard as he would rabbits. They never insulted him, nor did he alarm or injure them—consequently, they were tamed and harmless.

He even (*strange to tell!*) *was pleased with the flavor of their smelling-bottles*, and we have seen him sit at his studio window and regale his olfactory nerves with the odor of these pets. He would have none killed on any account—averring that they were useful to him and his. They are certainly very destructive to certain kinds of vermin that infest our stables and houses, and it is said that their effluvium is a sure defence and protection against many contagious diseases. It was greatly on this account that our venerable and reverend friend chose to have them about his premises.

It is a little remarkable that no two of these animals are marked alike; they are all black or brown, with stripes of white; but their stripes vary in shape and location in different individuals. In the handsome collection of Maine birds and quadrupeds, in the cabinet at our State House, there is one very beautiful stuffed animal, which engages the admiration of all visitors—admiration, we mean, till the fact is announced that it is a skunk, when many, through prejudice, instantly revolt at its farther inspection.

There is a common idea that the odious and suffocating fetor of the skunk proceeds from its urine, and that this is scattered by means of its tail. This is a mistake. The fluid is ejected in a well directed phosphorescent stream, and the tail is laid up over the back that it may not intercept its progress.—*Rural Intelligencer.*

THE VALUE OF BEAUTY.—Just about the last inheritance which a parent should wish his child, whether male or female, is personal beauty. It is about the poorest kind of a capital to stand in the world with. Who ever saw a beauty worth the first red cent? We mean what the world calls beauty, for there is a kind of beauty more than skin deep, which the world does not recognize. It is not of that which we speak. But the girl whom all the fops and fools go in ecstasies over and about—we should as soon a child of ours should be—not quite so beautiful. And then your handsome young man, over and about whom all the foolish school-girls are in ecstacies, what chance has he of ever being anybody? A sad destroyer of ambition is beauty. From being fitted for the shallow pates of the other sex, who can appreciate nothing else, they become content with a low standard of attainment, and are happy only when dancing attendance upon those who are pleased with their insipidity.

THE QUEEN AND THE LETTER A.—Here is a discovery! Byron had "a passion for the name of Mary;" and our gracious Queen has a passion for the letter A. Here is the proof: Alexandrina Victoria, Queen; Albert, Prince Consort; Adelaide, Princess Royal; Albert, Prince of Wales; Alice, second daughter; Alfred, second son; Augusta, third daughter; Albert, fourth son; Beatrice, fifth daughter. Every son and daughter of the Queen, born before the present year, has one name, at least, beginning with the letter A, and some of them more. Her Majesty evidently thinks her family to be A 1, and a trifle beyond—a right good motherly feeling, in palace or in cot. In April, when the last was born, A being exhausted, her Majesty moved on to B.—*London Paper.*

☞ A little boy describes snoring as "*letting off sleep.*"

Useful Receipts.

PAINT WITH SINGULAR PRESERVATIVE QUALITIES.—By subjecting eight parts, by weight, of linseed oil and one part of sulphur to a temperature of 298 degrees, in an iron vessel, a species of paint possessing singular preservative qualities is produced. Applied to the surface of a building with a brush it effectually keeps out air and moisture, prevents deposits of soot and dirt, and preserves the beauty of the stone, wood, or brickwork to which it is applied.

CURE FOR CHOLIC IN HORSES.—Take one pint of pure fish brine, and drench the horse with it, and in a short time he will be better.—*Genesee Farmer.*

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—I will give you a cure for mud scratches on horses, that I think the best I ever saw tried. Take two spoonsful of hog's lard and one spoonful of pine tar; mix together, and apply to the sore by carefully rubbing with a soft rag, or the finger.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

BUTTER-MILK CREAM.—When taken from the churn, set the butter-milk over a slow fire until it scalds; remove it from the fire, and let it settle; pour off the whey, and the remainder will be nearly equal to cream for fixing purposes. It is a good way to prepare it thus for winter use. Put away in a cask or jar, with now and then a handful of salt as you add more milk; it will keep quite fresh. I often use an old salt barrel: if it leaks, throw in a handful of flour.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

LIQUID GLUE.—Take the glue in any quantity desired, and dissolve it in as small a portion of boiling water as possible; it will then be found too thick for use. While it is still hot, take the glue-pot from the fire, and reduce or thin the glue to the proper consistency with alcohol; then put it in a bottle, the mouth of which must be covered with India rubber or other material, impervious to the air.

Liquid glue made in this manner, and placed in bottles, may be kept ready for use for a number of years. I have some glue which I now use that was thus prepared six years ago, and is as good as when newly made. It only requires to be slightly warmed for application during cold weather.

HOW TO MAKE HOME-BREWED BEER.—We will commence to brew ten bushels of malt. We want a kettle or boiler, that will hold a hogshead, 63 gallons—clean it thoroughly—fill up with clean water, (soft water is preferable,) the night before you intend to brew. Next morning start your fire under the kettle, say at 3 o'clock—have a good, tight molasses hogshead standing near the kettle, on trestles; bore a hole in one of the staves, close to the bottom, to admit of a good sized tap; drive the tap fast. Over the tap, inside the hogshead, put a large handfull of clean wheat straw; confine it down over the tap with two or three stones, but not so as to prevent the wort running out. Then put in your malt, (of course one end of the hogshead is taken out;) as soon as your water boils, throw in a pailful or two of cold water—just as you would were you about scalding a pig. Then fill up your hogshead with scalding water, and well stir up the malt.

Be sure not to remove the straw from over the tap; if you do you will find your cake to be all dough. When well *stirred up, cover over the top to keep the steam in. Let it* remain one and a half hour longer, and then draw off into a tub.

When the wort is all drawn off, fill up the hogshead again full with boiling water; stir up well; let it remain one hour; draw off and fill up again with boiling water. Then return your first and second drawing into the kettle; put in one pound of good hops for every bushel of malt, say ten pounds; if the hops are not good, add two and a half pounds more. Then let the whole boil for three hours, but look out when it first begins to boil, or all the fat will be in the fire. As it begins to rise, stir well. As soon as the hops break and roll over, the danger is over.

At the end of three hours, put a strainer over a tub, turn over your wort out of the kettle, and return the hops back. Then fill up with the wort last drawn off, and what may be left of the two first drawings, boil one hour, strain off, and set all to cool.

When the wort is about milk warm, take all into the cellar, and turn into two tubs or more. Then add about three pints of brewer's barm (yeast) and cover the tubs over with a cloth, and let it remain until morning. You will see a beautiful head on the top. Stir all up and turn it into your barrels, letting the bung hole be uppermost. In a little while it will begin to work (or ferment.) Once a day fill up your barrels with wort, and for this always have a few pails of wort more than will fill your barrels the first time. In three or four days it will have done fermenting. Then put into each barrel a handful or two of the spent hops, put in the bung tight, so that the least air cannot escape. In two weeks it will be fit to tap.

Ten bushels of good malt will make four barrels of good beer, and one barrel of small beer to tap first.

Some cellars will keep beer better than others. If you find the beer not to keep well, add a little more hops. If you want a strong barrel of ale, take the first drawing of wort; boil as before stated, and let it ferment off well in the barrel, and do not tap for six months. You will have a glass of ale as fine as wine, and as strong as is desirable. I need not say that all the vessels must be scrupulously clean.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE FATHER OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.—Old Robert Peel was an acute money-scraping man, an enemy to the corn-law, while his son supported it. Two stories will illustrate his character: Colonel Peel, then, who was much and deservedly respected, kept race-horses during his father's life-time, and the old gentleman frequently remonstrated with him on the subject in vain. "You cannot afford to keep them. What a heavy expense they must be! Why don't you turn them into Drayton Park, the grass is growing to waste there? The man to whom I let it has gone off without paying me." The son turned in his horses, and they were seized by the father for the rent due from the previous occupier. So, when the Tamworth Bank had a run upon it, Sir Robert went behind the counter, and paid the notes himself. When this was observed, the country people said, "Oh! there is rich Sir Robert Peel paying away the money himself—I shan't take out mine." "Nor I," said another; "nor I," said a third. In less than a year afterwards the bank broke, and much injured the people in the neighborhood; but the old gentleman had no assets there.—*Redding's Fifty Years' Recollections.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

[The following exquisite lines are at the close of Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in the last Atlantic Monthly. To fully appreciate their beauty, it must be borne in mind that the nautilus ascends year by year to new chambers, which it creates in its shell, never returning to one previously inhabited:]

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous barque that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the syren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE PATAGONIAN BROTHERS.

We are not related. His name is John Griffiths, and I am William Waldur; and we called ourselves the Patagonian Brothers, because it looked well in the bills and pleased the public. We met by chance, about six years since, on the race-course at Doncaster, and so took a sort of mutual liking, and went partners in a tour through the midland counties. We had never seen or heard of each other up to that time: and though we became good friends, were never greatly intimate. I knew nothing of his past life, nor he of mine, and I never asked him a question on the subject. I am particular to have this all clear from the beginning; for I am a plain man telling a plain story, and I want no one to misunderstand a word of what I am about to relate.

We made a little money by our tour. It was not much; but it was more than either of us had been able to earn before; so we agreed to stay together and try our fortune in London. This time we got an engagement at Astley's for the winter, and, when the summer came, joined a travelling circus, and roamed about as before.

The circus was a capital thing—a republic, so to say, in which all were equals. We had a manager, to whom we paid a fixed salary, and the rest went shares in the profits. There were times when we did not even clear our expenses; there were towns where we made ten and fifteen pounds a-night; but the bad luck went along with the good, and, on the whole, we prospered.

We stayed with the company two years and a half in all, and played at every town between York and London. During that time we had found leisure to improve. We knew each other's weight and strength now to a hair, and grew bolder with experience; so that there was scarcely a new feat brought out anywhere which we did not learn, even to the "perche" business, and the trick of walking, head downwards, on a marble ceiling. The fact is, that we were admirably matched, which, in our profession, is the most important point of all. Our height was the same, to the sixteenth of an inch, and we were not unlike in figure. If Griffiths possessed a little more muscular strength, I was the more active, and even that difference was in our favor. I believe that, in other respects, we suited each other equally well, and I know that for the three years and a half which we had spent together (counting from our first meeting at Doncaster down to the time when we dissolved partnership with the circus folks), we had never had an angry word. Griffiths was a steady, saving, silent fellow enough, with little gray eyes and heavy black brows. I remember thinking, once or twice, that he was not quite the sort of person I would like for an enemy; but that was in reference to no act of his, and only a fancy of my own. For myself, I can live with any one who is disposed to live with me, and love peace and good will better than anything in the world.

We had now grown so expert that we resolved to better ourselves and return to London, which we did somewhere about the end of February or the beginning of March, 1855. We put up at a little inn in the borough; and before a week was over, found ourselves engaged by Mr. James Rice, of the Belvidere Tavern, at a salary of seven pounds a week. Now, this was a great advance upon all our previous gains; and the Tavern was by no means a bad place for the founding of a theatrical reputation.

Situated half-way between the West End and the city, surrounded by a densely-populated neighborhood, and lying in the very path of the omnibuses, this establishment was one of the most prosperous of its class. There was a theatre and a concert-room and a garden, where dancing and smoking and rifle-shooting and supper-eating was going on from eight till twelve o'clock every night all through the summer, which made the place a special favorite with the working classes.

Here, then, we were engaged (Griffiths and I), with a promise that our salary should be raised if we proved attractive; and raised it soon was, for we drew enormously. We brought out the perche and the ceiling business: came down in the midst of fireworks, from a platform higher than the roof of the theatre; and, in short, did every thing that ever yet was done in our line—ay, and did it well, too, though perhaps it is not my place to say so. At all events, the great colored posters were pasted up all over the town: and our salary was increased to fifteen pounds a week; and the gentleman who writes about the plays in the Sunday Snub, was pleased to observe that there was no performance in London half so wonderful as that of the Patagonian Brothers; for which I take this opportunity to thank him kindly.

We lodged (of course together) in a quiet street on a hill, near Islington. The house was kept by Mrs. Morrison, a respectable, industrious woman, whose husband had been a gasfitter at one of the theatres, and who was now left a widow with one only daughter just nineteen years of age. She was very good, and very pretty. She was christened Alice, but her mother called her Ally, and we soon fell into the same habit; for they were very simple, friendly people, and we were soon as good friends as if we had all been living together in the same house for years.

I am not a good hand at telling a story, as, I dare say, you have found out by this time—and, indeed, I never did sit down to write one out before—so I may as well come to the point at once, and confess that I loved her. I also fancied, before many months were over, that she did not altogether dislike me; for a man's wits are twice as sharp when he is in love, and there is not a blush, or a glance, or a word, that he does not contrive to build some hope upon. So one day, when Griffiths was out, I went down stairs to the parlor, where she was sitting by the window, sewing, and took a chair beside her.

"Ally, my dear," said I, stopping her right hand from working, and taking it up in both of mine; "Ally, my dear, I want to speak to you."

She blushed, and turned pale, and blushed again, and I felt the pulses in her little soft hand throbbing like the heart of a frightened bird, but she never answered a syllable.

"Ally, my dear," said I, "I am a plain man. I am thirty-two years of age. I don't know how to flatter like some folks, and I have had very little book-learning to speak of. But, my dear, I love you; and though I don't pretend that you are the first girl I ever fancied, I can truly say that you are the first I ever cared to make my wife. So, if you'll take me, such as I am, I'll be a true husband to you as long as I live."

What answer she made, or whether she spoke at all, is more than I can undertake to tell, for my ideas were all confused, and I only remember that I kissed her, and felt very happy, and that, when Mrs. Morrison came into the room, she found me with my arm clasped round my darling's waist.

I scarcely know when it was that I first noticed the change in John Griffiths; but, that it was somewhere about this time, I am tolerably certain. It is hard to put looks into words, and to make account of trifles that, after all, are matters of feeling more than matters of fact; but others saw the change as well as myself, and no one could help observing that he grew to be more silent and unsociable than ever. He kept away from home as much as possible. He spent all his Sundays out, starting away the first thing after breakfast, and not coming back again till close upon midnight. He even put an end to our old friendly custom of walking home together after our night's work was over, and joined a sort of tap-room club that was kept up by a dozen or so of idle fellows, belonging to the theatre. Worse than this, he scarcely exchanged a word with me from morning till night, even when we were at meals. He watched me about the room as if I had been a thief. And sometimes, though I am sure I never wronged him willingly in my life, I caught him looking at me from under those black brows of his as if he hated me.

More than once I laid my hand upon his sleeve as he was hurrying away on Sundays, or turning off towards the club-room at night, and said, 'Griffiths, have you got anything against me?"—or, "Griffiths, won't you come home to a friendly glass with me to-night?" But he either shook me off without a word, or muttered some sulky denial that sounded more like a curse than a civil answer; so I got tired of peace-making at last, and let him go his own way, and choose his own company.

The summer was already far advanced, and our engagement at the Belvidere had well-nigh ended, when I began to buy the furniture, and Ally to prepare her wedding things. Matters continued the same with John Griffiths; but, when the day was fixed, I made up my mind to try him once again, and invite him to the church and the dinner. The circumstances of that invitation are as clear in my memory as if the whole affair had taken place this morning.

It was on the twenty-ninth of July (I am particular about dates,) and there had been a general call to rehearsal at one o'clock that day. The weather was warm and hazy, and I started early, that I might not go in late or tired; for I knew that, what with the rehearsal and the new piece, and the Terrific Descent, I should have enough to do before my day's work was over. The consequence was that I arrived about twenty minutes too soon. The gardens had a dreary look by daylight; but they were pleasanter, anyhow, than the theatre; so I loitered up and down among the smoky trees, and watched the waiters polishing the stains off the tables, in the summer-houses, and thought how shabby the fountains looked when they were not playing, and what miserable gim-crack concerns were the Stalactite Caves and the Cosmoramic Grottoes, and all the other attractions which looked so fine by the light of colored lamps and fireworks.

Well, just as I was sauntering on, turning these things over in my mind, who should I see in one of the summer-houses but John Griffiths. He was lying forward upon the table, with his face resting upon his clasped hands, sound asleep. An empty ale-bottle and glass stood close beside him, and his stick had fallen near his chair. I could not be mistaken in him, though his face was hidden; so I went up and touched him smartly on the shoulder.

"A fine morning, John," says I. "I thought I was here early, but it seems that you were before me, after all."

He sprang to his feet at the sound of my voice, as if he had been struck, and then turned impatiently away.

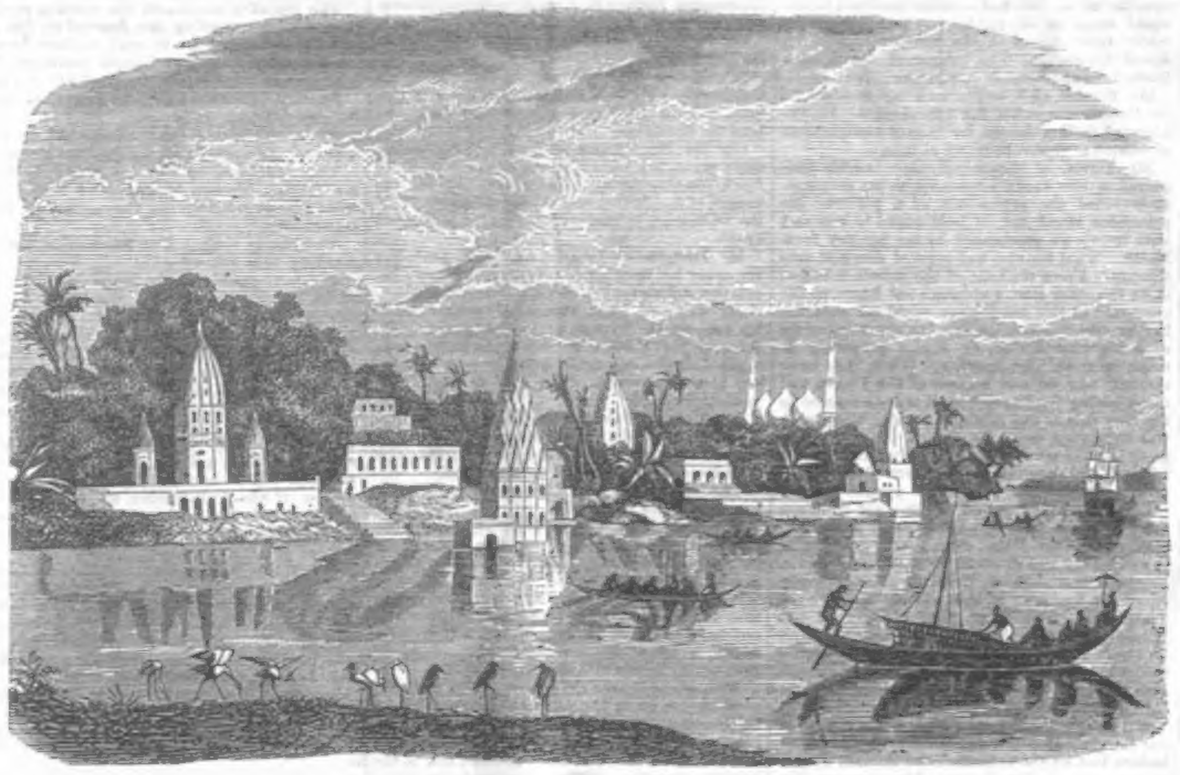
"What did you wake me for?" he said, sullenly.

"Because I have news to tell you. You know that the sixth of August will be our last night here.——Well, mate, on the seventh, please God, I'm going to be married, and—"

"Curse you!" he interrupted, turning a livid face upon me, and an eye that glared like a tiger's. "Curse you! How dare you come to me with that tale, you smooth-faced hound! to me, of all men living?"

I was so little prepared for this burst of passion, that I had nothing to say, and so he went on:—

"Why can't you let me alone? Why do you tempt me for? I've kept my hands off of you till now—"



BANKS OF THE GANGES.

All have heard of the Ganges. Some of our readers may have visited its banks and navigated its sacred waters. To the majority, however, we suppose the Ganges is only a name. But it is a name which has by the force of recent events in India, been brought before us with more than ordinary interest. It has become something more than the holy river of the Hindoos. By them it has always been accounted the most sacred of rivers. The devotee hastens to perform his ablutions with its water, and believes himself purified from all sins; or he resolves on a sacrifice, and offers himself as the victim, by the commission of suicide in the river. The feet of the dying are immersed in it, that the departing spirit may go straight to the Hindoo paradise; and, even in British courts of justice, Hindoos are sworn upon its waters, as the Christians and Mohammedans are on their sacred books. The Ganges is an essential part of Hindooism. But the English, if they value their Indian possessions, are as much indebted to the Ganges as the Hindoos themselves. It is the great highway by which they have acquired their richest possessions, and the grand route of communication by which they now maintain their authority.

What the Nile is to Egypt is the Ganges to India. From the central chain of the Himalaya to the Bay of Bengal, it flows through the most fertile region of Hindostan, and its course is almost entirely confined to the British presidency of Bengal and Agra.

It has two heads Bhagirathi and Alcananda. The first of these, and that which is esteemed the holiest by the Hindoos, rise near Gangoutis, about 200 miles from Delhi, and nearly 14,000 feet above the sea level. It joins the Alcananda at a place called Deoprang, where it measures about 80 yards in width. There it assumes the name of the Ganges, and entering the great plain of Hindostan at Hardwar, flows with a smooth, navigable current to the ocean, a distance of nearly fourteen hundred miles.

The delta of the Ganges, which begins to form about two hundred miles from the sea, is twice as large as that of the Nile. The eastern arm of the river there becomes the main stream, and carries with it the sacred name; the western arm, adopting that of Hooghly, is less important, but is regarded by the natives with peculiar veneration, they having an idea that its waters are from the pure source, the true Bhagirathi. Both arms of the river, together with several tributary streams, empty themselves into the Bay of Bengal.

The course of the Ganges, after entering the plain of Hindostan, is from Hurdwar to Allahabad, and between these places its advance is tolerably straight. After passing Allahabad, its course becomes more devious, increasing in extent and attaining its greatest magnitude below Ghazipore. After this it varies in width from half a mile to three miles, its average depth for the last five hundred miles of its course being thirty feet. Its rate of descent is about nine inches to the mile. Nearly two-thirds of the fall takes place before reaching Cawnpore. The mean rate of its current in dry weather is three miles an hour, but in the wet season it frequently attains more than double that speed.

Like the Nile, the Ganges is subject to annual inundations. The tropical rains are in both instances the cause—but with this difference, the Nile is affected by rains which fall in its upper regions only; the Ganges by rains which descend throughout its whole extent. The waters begin to rise in April, at first by very slow degrees, but gradually increasing from one inch to three inches in the day. The fall of rain does not begin in Bengal till the middle of June, by which time the increase of rise is five inches a day: at the beginning of August a decrease takes place, and from that month to November, the waters gradually sink to their old level.

The inundations, although fully anticipated, have sometimes occasioned great disasters. A single flood of the Ganges has destroyed fifty thousand persons. The whole of the surrounding country has been covered, and the loss of property as well as of life has been very great.

One of the most observable effects of these inundations is, the alterations which are continually taking place in the bed of the river. This is particularly noticeable in the presidency of Bengal. As the branches of the river are perpetually shifting, marshes are produced, and islands are alternately formed and destroyed. For the preservation of private property, or for other reasons, certain districts of country are saved from the inundations by the formation of dykes; but the policy of the expedient is more than doubtful, as the land has to be irrigated by artificial means.

The banks of the Ganges are ornamented and enriched by many populous cities; and thousands of villages, temples, and bungalows impart a picturesque and agreeable aspect. The accompanying engraving furnishes perhaps a better idea of the Ganges in the populated districts, than could be done by any written description.

He paused and bit his lip, and I saw that he was trembling from head to foot. I am no coward—it's not likely that I should be a Patagonian Brother if I was—but the sight of his hatred seemed to turn me, for the moment, quite sick and giddy.

"My God!" said I, leaning up against the table, "what do you mean—are you mad?"

He made no answer, but looked straight at me, and then walked away. I don't know how it was, but from that moment I knew all. It was written somehow in his face.

"Oh, *Ally*, dear!" I said, to myself, with a kind of groan, and sat down on the nearest bench; I believe that, at that moment, I scarcely knew where I was, or what I was doing.

I did not see him again till we met on the stage, about an hour afterwards, to go through our scene in the rehearsal. It was a grand Easter piece, with a great deal of firing, and real water, and a live camel in the last act; and Griffiths and I were Mozambique slaves, performing before the Rajah in the Hall of Candelabras. Excepting that it cost a great deal of money, that is all I ever knew about the plot; and upon my word I don't believe that anybody else knew much more. By this time I had, of course, recovered my usual composure; but I could see that Griffiths had been drinking, for his face was flushed and his balance unsteady.—When the rehearsal was over, Mr. Rice called us into his private room and brought out a decanter of sherry, with which, I must say, he was always as liberal as any gentleman could be.

"Patagonians," says he, for he had a wonderfully merry way with him, and always called us by that name, "I suppose you would make no objection to a little matter of extra work and extra pay on the sixth—just to end the season with something stunning—hey?"

"No, no, sir, not we," replied Griffiths, in a sort of hearty manner that wasn't natural to him. "We're ready for anything. Is it the flying business you spoke about the other day?"

"Better than that," said the manager, filling up the glasses. "It's a new French feat that has never yet been done in this country, and they call it the trapeze. Patagonians, your health!"

So we drank his in return, and Mr. Rice explained all about it. It was to be an exhibition of posturing and a balloon ascent both in one. At some distance below the car was to be secured a triangular wooden framework, which framework was called the trapeze. From the lower pole, or base of this triangle, one of us was to be suspended, with a ligature of strong leather attached to his ankle, in case of accidents. Just as the balloon was rising and this man ascending head downwards, the other was to catch him by the hands and go up also, having, if he preferred it, some hand or other to bind him to his companion. In this position we were then to go through our customary performances, continuing them so long as the balloon remained in sight.

"All this," said Mr. Rice, "sounds much more dangerous than it really is. The motion of a balloon through the air is so steady and imperceptible that, but for the knowledge of being up above the housetops, you will perform almost *as comfortably as* in the gardens. Besides, I am speaking to *brave men who know their business*, and are not to be dashed by a trifle—hey, Patagonians?"

Griffiths brought his hand down heavily upon the table, and made the glasses ring again.

"I'm ready, sir," said he, with an oath, "I'm ready to do it alone, if any man here is afraid to go with me!"

He looked at me as he said this, with a sort of mocking laugh that brought the blood up into my face.

"If you mean that for me, John," said I, quickly, "I'm no more afraid than yourself; and, if that's all about it, I'll go up to-night!"

If I was to try from now till this day next year, I never could describe the expression that came over his face as I spoke those words. It seemed to turn all the currents of my blood. I could not understand it then—but I understood it well enough afterwards.

Well, Mr. Rice was mightily pleased to find us so willing, and a very few more words ended the matter. Mr. Staines and his famous Wurtemberg balloon were to be engaged; fifteen hundred additional colored lamps were to be hired; and Griffiths and I were to receive twelve pounds a piece for the evening, over and above our general salary.

Poor *Ally!* In the midst of the excitement, I had forgotten her, and it was not till I was out of the theatre and walking slowly homewards that I remembered she must be told. For my own part, I did not believe there was the slightest danger; but I knew how her fears would magnify everything, and the nearer I came towards Islington the more uncomfortable I felt. After all, I was such a coward—for I always am a coward where women are concerned—that I could not tell her that day, nor even the next; and it was only on Sunday, when we were sitting together after dinner, that I found courage to speak of it. I had expected something of a scene; but I had no idea that she would have taken on as she did, and I declare that, even then, if the posters had not been already out and myself bound in honor to act up to my engagement, I would have gone straight to Mr. Rice and declined the business altogether. Poor little, soft-hearted darling! it was a sore trial to her and to me also, and I was an inconsiderate idiot not to have thought *of* her feelings in the first instance. But there was no help for it now; so I gave her the only consolation in my power by solemnly promising that I would be the first man tied to the trapeze. It was, of course, the safest position, and when I had assured her of this, she grew calmer. On all other points I kept my own counsel, as you may be certain: and as to John Griffiths, I saw less of him than ever. He even took his meals in the city now, and, during the seven days that elapsed between the twenty ninth and the sixth, never once came face to face with me, except upon the stage.

I had a hard matter to get away from home when the afternoon of the sixth came round. My darling clung about me as if her heart would break, and although I did my best to cheer her, I don't mind confessing now that I went out and cried a tear or two in the passage.

"Keep up your spirits, Ally dear," says I, smiling and kissing her the last thing before I left the house. "And don't be spoiling your *pretty eyes in that way*. Remember that I want you *to look well, and that we are to be* married *to-morrow*."

The multitude in the Belvidere Gardens was something wonderful. There they were, men, women, and children, thronging the balconies, the orchestra stairs, and every available inch of ground; and there, in the midst of them, rolled and swayed the huge Wurtemberg balloon, like a sleepy, lolling giant. The ascent was fixed for six o'clock, that we might come down again by daylight; so I made haste to dress, and then went to the green-room to see after Mr. Rice, and hear something of what was going forward.

Mr. Rice was there, and three gentlemen with him, namely, Colonel Steward, Captain Crawford, and Sydney Baird, Esquire. They were fine, handsome looking gentlemen, all three—especially Sydney Baird, Esquire, who was, as I have since been told, a play-writer, and one of the cleverest men of the day. I was going to draw back when I saw them sitting there with their wine and cigars; but they would have me in to take a glass of port, and shook hands with me all round as polite as possible, and treated me as handsome as any gentlemen could.

"Here's health and success to you, my brave fellow," says Colonel Steward, "and a pleasant trip to us all!" and then I found that they were going up in the car with Mr. Staines.

And now, what with their light cheerful ways and pleasant talking, and what with the glass of wine that I had taken, and the excitement, and the hum of voices from the crowd outside, I was in first-rate spirits, and as impatient to be off, as a racer at the starting point. Presently one of the gentlemen looked at his watch.

"What are we waiting for?" said he. "It is ten minutes past six already."

And so it was. Ten minutes past the hour, and Griffiths had not yet been seen or heard of. Well, Mr. Rice grew very uneasy, and the crowd very noisy, and so twenty minutes more went by. Then we made up our minds to go without him, and Mr. Rice made a little speech and explained it to the people; and then there was a cheer, and a great bustle; and the gentlemen took their seats in the car; and a hamper full of champagne and cold chicken was put in with them; and I was made fast by one leg to the base of the trapeze; and Mr. Staines was just about to get in himself and give the signal to cast loose, when who should we see forcing his way through the crowd but Griffiths.

Of course there was another cheer at this, and a delay of eight or ten minutes more while he was dressing. At last he came, and it was now just a quarter to seven o'clock. He looked very sullen when he found that he was to be the undermost; but there was no time to change anything now, even if I had been willing: so his left wrist and my right were bound together by a leathern strap, the signal was given, the band struck up, the crowd applauded like mad, and the balloon rose straight and steady above the heads of the people.

Down sank the trees and the fountains, and the pavement of upturned faces. Down sank the roof of the theatre, and fainter grew the sound of the hurrahing and the music. The sensation was so strange that, for the first moment, I was forced to close my eyes, and felt as if I must fall and be dashed to pieces. But that soon passed away, and by the time we had risen to about three hundred feet I was as comfortable as if I had been born and bred in the air with my head downwards.

Presently we began our performances. Griffiths was as cool as possible—I never saw him cooler—and we went through every conceivable attitude; now swinging by our hands, now by our feet, now throwing summersaults one over the other. And during the whole of this time the streets and squares seemed to sink away to the right, and the noises from the living world died on the air—and, as I turned and slung, changing my position with every minute, I caught strange flitting glimpses of the sunset and the city, the sky and the river, the gentlemen leaning over the car and the tiny passengers swarming down below like ants on an ant-hill.

Then the gentlemen grew tired of leaning over, and began to talk and laugh, and busy themselves over their hamper. Then the Surrey hills drew nearer, and the city sank away to the right, farther and farther. Then there were nothing but green fields with lines of railway crossing them here and there; and presently it grew quite damp and misty, and we ceased to see anything, except through breaks and openings in the clouds.

"Come, John," says I, "our share of this business is done. Don't you think we might as well be getting into the car?"

He was hanging below just then, holding on by my two hands, and had been hanging so quite quiet for some minutes. He didn't seem to hear me; and no wonder, for the clouds were gathering about us so thickly, that even the voices of the gentlemen up above grew muffled, and I could hardly see for a yard before me in any direction. So I called to him again, and repeated the question.

He made no answer, but shifted his grasp from my hand to my wrist, and then up to the middle of my arm, so raising himself by degrees, till our faces came nearly on a level. There he paused, and I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

"William Waldur," said he hoarsely, "wasn't to-morrow to have been your wedding-day?"

Something in the tone of his voice, in the question, in the dusk and dreadful solitude, struck me with horror. I tried to shake off his hands, but he held too fast for that.

"Well, what if it was?" said I, after a moment. "You needn't grip so hard. Catch hold of the pole, will you? and let go of my arms."

He gave a short, hard laugh, but never stirred.

"I suppose we're about two thousand feet high," says he, and it seemed to me that he had something between his teeth. "If either of us was to fall, he'd be a dead man before he touched the ground."

I would have given the world at that moment to be able to see his face; but what with my own head being downwards, and all his weight hanging to my arms, I had no more power than an infant.

"John!" I exclaimed, "what do you mean?" Catch hold of the pole, and let me do the same. My head's on fire!"

"Do you see this?" said he, catching my arms a couple of inches higher up, and looking right into my face. "Do you see this?"

It was a large, open clasp-knife, and he was holding it with his teeth. His breath seemed to hiss over the cold blade. "I bought it this evening—I hid it in my belt—I waited till the clouds came round and there was no soul to see. Presently I shall cut you away from the balloon. I *took an oath that you should never* have her, and *I mean to keep it!*"

A dimness came over my eyes, and everything grew red. I felt that in another minute I should be insensible. He thought I was so already, and, letting my arms free, made a spring at the pole overhead.

That spring saved me. Our wrists were bound together, and as he rose he drew me along with him; for I was so faint and giddy that I could make no effort for myself.

I saw him hold by the pole with his left hand; I saw him take the knife in his right; I felt the cold steel pass between his wrist and mine, and then——

And then, the horror of the moment gave me back my strength, and I clung to the framework just as the thong gave way.

We were separated now, and I was still secured to the trapeze by one ankle. He had only his arms to trust to—and the knife.

Oh, the deadly, deadly strife that followed! it sickens me to think of it. His only hope now lay in the cursed weapon; and so, clinging to the woodwork with one hand, he strove to stab me with the other.

It was life or death now, and I grew desperate. To feel his murderous clutch upon my throat, and, in the silence of that hideous struggle, to hear the report of champagne corks—followed by a peal of careless laughter—overhead—— Oh, it was worse than death, a hundred times over!

I cannot tell how long we clung thus, each with a hand upon the other's throat. It may have been only a few seconds: but it seemed like hours to me. The question was simply which should be strangled first.

Presently his gripe relaxed, his lips became dead-white, and a shudder ran through every fibre of his body. He had turned giddy!

Then a cry burst from him—a cry like nothing human. He made a false clutch at the trapeze, and reeled over. I caught him, just in time, by the belt round his waist.

"It's all over with me," he groaned between his set teeth. "It's all—over—with me! Take your revenge!" Then his head fell heavily back, and he hung, a dead weight on my arm.

I did take my revenge; but it was hard work, and I was already half exhausted. How I contrived to hold him up, to unbind my foot, and to crawl, so laden, up the ropes, is more than I can tell; but my presence of mind never failed me for an instant, and I suppose the excitement gave me a sort of false strength while it lasted. At all events I did it, though I now only remember climbing over the basket-work, and seeing the faces of the gentlemen all turned upon me as I sank to the bottom of the car, scarcely more alive than the burthen in my arms.

He is a penitent man now, an Australian settler, and, as I am told, well to do in those parts.

This is my story, and I have no more to tell.

☞ Of all the sermons preached on the financial crisis, we have heard of none with a more ingeniously appropriate text than Bishop Doane's—Haggai 1, 6: "And he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a *bag with holes*."

CONGRESSIONAL.

KANSAS DEBATE CONTINUED.

THE ARMY BILL.

PERSONAL EXPLANATIONS, ETC.

SENATE.

On the 8th, Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, made several ineffectual efforts to take up his resolution offered on Thursday, calling for information relative to the facts attending the formation of the Lecompton Constitution, &c.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, would be compelled to ask the yeas and nays on the motion to postpone the special order of the day, with the view to take up the resolution, because the effect of that motion must be to continue the discussion, in a different form from what it would be on the resolution of reference.

Mr. Douglas responded that it was entirely immaterial to him whether the vote be taken first on the reference or upon the resolution. He thought that any delay in the adoption of the resolution of inquiry would only operate as a delay in the settlement of the Kansas question, for he should deem it his duty to obtain that information if he possibly could, and insist upon any reasonable delay in order to procure it. This information was essential to the proper consideration of this subject, but if the Senate preferred to proceed with the discussion of the resolution of reference first, he would withdraw the motion, and subsequently call it up.

Mr. Fessenden was perfectly willing to give way, that the Senate might pass on to the question whether any more information was to be afforded to Congress officially. He was under the impression that it was not the desire of the majority of the Senate that the resolution should be adopted, and the information it sought, be obtained. He had no idea that such a thing would be allowed, but was willing the attempt should be made. Mr. Fessenden, in his comments on the President's Message, said it was drawn with care, and with a design, and was intended as an argument to the country, to affect their minds in reference to this great question. The President has said in his message that if Kansas was admitted under the Lecompton Constitution, the troops could be withdrawn and applied to the service in Utah, and that left the inference that on a refusal to admit Kansas, the troops would still be left there. Was Kansas still to be kept under the control of a military despotism, because the territorial government has got into the hands of that party who had heretofore been denominated rebels, and was the Senator from New York willing to increase the army for such a purpose as that?

Mr. Seward, of New York, thought the Senator from Maine had fallen into some error relative to his position. He had reached the conclusion, from all the facts which had come to his knowledge, that there would be such a state of affairs in Kansas as would oblige the withdrawal of the troops there. He could not believe the Administration would be so infatuated as to endeavor to keep the army in Kansas, although such an inference might be drawn from the message.

Mr. Fessenden replied that the Senator from New York utterly rejected the President's assurances of what he should do, and he (Fessenden) could not understand upon what ground that Senator could base his vote for an increase of the army. But he would return to the President's Message. He was obliged to say that the President had been guilty, in his message, of not only ignoring all well known facts, but of stating things which he must have known, if he had examined the documents, could not be true. What excuse the President might have for that, it was not for him (Mr. Fessenden) to say. The tone of the message of a Chief Magistrate of the Union should be dignified and impartial. It should not be denunciatory; but yet, from beginning to end, in this message from the President, denunciation, in strong language, of what he admits to be a majority of the people of the territory, is indulged in, because he alleges that, unless he keeps the troops there, they have the power, as well as the will, to overturn the government. At the same time, the President has not a word to say in condemnation, but rather speaks in implied approbation, of all that has taken place in Kansas in opposition to the efforts of the people of the territory to obtain a Free State constitution. Such language he deemed unworthy the incumbent of the Presidential Chair. It was a little singular, too, that he has no sympathy with the Free State people of Kansas, when we remember that he was born in a Free State, and had seen it grow up to be one of the first in rank in the Union, and also in wealth and power, simply in consequence of the free institutions under which her inhabitants lived. But in the message we see not one word except of denunciation of those who are undertaking to introduce the blessings of a Free State government in Kansas. On the contrary, he speaks with exultation when he says that Kansas is now as much a Slave State as Georgia or South Carolina, and seems to rejoice in thinking that it is bound henceforward and forever to the car of slavery.

For some reason or other he has chosen to forget the land of his birth, and treats the question as one of great importance to the Slave States, but as of no consequence at all to the Free States. If it was of consequence to nine millions of people South, was it not of more consequence to the seventeen millions North? But the President does not think so. All his sympathies are for the South and none for the North. The President thinks that difficulties must arise if Congress refuse to admit Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, warns us that the people of the Slave States would be excited and not submit to it, and, therefore, he counsels the people of the Free States to yield. He (Mr. Fessenden) would have expected the President, in stating the danger of excitement, to warn the people of the South, as well as of the North, against disobeying the laws of the country. Congress was the proper tribunal to settle this question, and if Congress think proper to settle it adversely to the views of the President, he wanted to know why the President should not counsel the people of the Slave States to submit to the will of the majority. The adoption of the Topeka Constitution was no more a rebellion against the government, than the act of a town meeting passing resolutions on the same subject. Rebellion does not consist in words. You must have forcible acts, and nobody can find that there ever was any forcible resistance to the government, although it was an usurping government. The President quotes Gov. Walker on one point, but not on others. When Gov. Walker speaks about frauds, the President does not believe a word of it, but he refers to Gov. Walker's letters, and makes many extracts from them, in order to establish the fact of a rebellion, but they prove nothing after all.

He examined the Dred Scott case, and argued at length against the force of that dictum of the Supreme Court, quoting from the decisions of the Supreme Court of Georgia, where they treated such extra judicial opinions of the Supreme Court of the United States with contempt, and did not regard them as binding.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, said that when the Committee on Territories should make their report, he would answer some of the extraordinary arguments of the Senator from Maine. Although the Senator had displayed great ingenuity and power, his positions were utterly unsound.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, gave notice that at the proper time he would show that the State of Alabama had only taken the same ground as the other Southern States. When the principles enunciated in the resolutions of the Legislature of his State are forgotten or unheeded by Congress, then, like the Senator from Maine, this Union would have no charms for him. He trusted that Alabama would never dishonor herself by retreating from the position she has assumed.

Mr. Seward said that at the proper time he would express his opinions on this great question, and would give the remarks of Messrs. Clay and Benjamin due consideration. He thought they would fail to convince him of the justice and policy of extending slavery into free territory. The attempt to carry this Kansas scheme, would be destructive of the best interests of society. He regretted to hear Senators express the opinion, that under any circumstances this Union could cease to have attractions for them. He had no belief that this Union would cease at all, nor that it would cease to confer upon all of us the benefits it was designed to confer. The people of the United States love and cherish this union.

Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, said the message of the President met his full approbation. He deprecated further debate, and hoped the question of reference would be taken at once.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, also heartily concurred in the views expressed in the message. It breathed the sentiments of a patriot. Its principles stood out in bold relief in contrast with the views proclaimed by the Senator from Maine. That Senator had avowed disunion sentiments. From the tone of the debate indulged in on the other side, a stranger not knowing the character of this assemblage might on entering the Senate suppose he saw the representatives of belligerent States, or States preparing to make war on one another. While they were making war on one section of the Union, and undermining the foundation, it was an evasion to say they desire the fabric to stand. The South was arraigned day after day as the aggressive party; but in what way, from the earliest period till now, had ever the South deprived the North of any advantages. The whole ground of complaint is, that they would possess and maintain their own institutions. The Senator from New Hampshire, (Mr. Hale,) some years ago objected to extend the line of 36 30 to the Pacific, as the southern boundary of Utah, for fear it would carry the implication that slavery might exist south of it. The North have commenced this political war, and the South are acting entirely on the defensive. There were questions sprung to-day which require to be met and answered, and therefore he would reply to the Senator from Maine on some other occasion.

Mr. Fessenden did not recognise the authority nor the style that Mr. Davis chose to assume to lecture him on the sentiments he thought proper to announce in the Senate. He expressly disavowed any intention or desire to interfere with slavery in the States where it now exists, not, however, because he held any fear of avowing such sentiments if he entertained them, or because he should hesitate to do so in the presence of the Senator from Mississippi. When the fear of what man could do or say would influence him to hesitate, he would not sit here a single hour. He should disgrace the noble State from which he came, if he hesitated to express his opinion on all such questions. While he would treat all the Senators with that respect and courtesy which was due from him to them, having rights equal to their own, they must accord to him the right to speak the sentiments he entertained unmoved by any comment on the consequences which may be instituted from any quarter whatever. The Senator from Mississippi thought proper to place him in the attitude of advocating disunion. On this spot they were peers. He was the equal of any man in his rights on this floor, and would exercise his rights when he chose within the rules of order, let the consequences be what they may. He had avowed no disunion sentiments. Could the Senator say as much?

Mr. Davis, excitedly, replied, "Yes, and I have long sought a respectable man who could charge the contrary."

Mr. Fessenden said the newspapers represent the Senator as making a speech in Mississippi, in which he said he went into President Pierce's Cabinet a disunion man.

Mr. Davis said it was false, and inquired whether the Senator from Maine could produce the paper.

Mr. Fessenden responded that he could produce the paper into which the extract was copied.

Mr. Davis said it was false, no matter where it came from, and if the extract justified such a conclusion, what he said had been falsified.

Mr. Fessenden replied that he made no accusation. He had merely put the question to the Senator who had accused him (Fessenden) of seeking to undermine the Constitution.

Mr. Davis explained that such attacks as has been made, including that on the Judiciary, would have such an effect.

Mr. Fessenden said that he attacked the opinion, not the decision of the Supreme Court, for it gave none. He believed that that opinion, if carried into effect, would undermine the institutions of the country. Our institutions have stood firm on the doctrine of freedom, not slavery. If you divide the territories according to numbers, how much would the slaveholders be entitled to when you put them against twenty millions of free people. Yet the doctrine was taught that because in some of the States slavery exists in the territory on the ground of State rights, it must be divided. Who began the aggression? Was not the country quiet after the passage of the compromise of 1850? Who introduced the torch of discord among the people? Those who advocated and carried the repeal of the Missouri compromise, while the opposite side warned them if they insisted upon it they would enkindle the flames. The aggression has been going on from the time of the passage of the Kansas bill till now, when the question came here in such a shape as compelled the Senator from Illinois, (Mr. Douglas,) from a sense of duty and justice, to oppose the further progress of the outrages there committed. The South say they make no aggressions. Was there no attack on the fishing interest, and had not the Senator from Georgia given notice of his intention to introduce a bill to repeal the navigation laws of the United States? Was not that an attack on the interests of the North? He regarded this as only the beginning of those aggressions. They had broken down the manufacturers as far as they could, and were now seeking to break down the commerce of the North. The North have been on the defensive from the commencement, in 1854, when the Missouri Compromise was repealed, and they stood on the defensive to-day. If the consequences are injurious to the South, they themselves are to blame.

Mr. Davis remarked that he knew not whence sprung the habit of accusing him of attempts to intimidate Senators. He tried to intimidate nobody. He threatened nobody. He did not believe, and he would say so, once for all, that any body was afraid of him.

Mr. Fessenden—I am. [Laughter.]

Mr. Davis—If so, I shall never speak in a decided and firm tone again to that Senator.

Mr. Fessenden—I mean in an intellectual point.

Mr. Davis repeated that he made no threats or intimidation. The South committed no aggression on the North, because they were unwilling to benefit the codfisheries and keep up manufactures. In other words, they wish to keep their own money and profits and leave the North to get money to the extent they can expect from the commerce of the world. That was no aggression. The South do not ask the North to pay their expenses in the way of taxation; they only ask comity, good fellowship, and protection when the government is bound to afford it. Beyond that they wish to be let alone.

Mr. Clay desired to say a word about the codfisheries. He hoped to put up a couple of pots of fish, if not offensive to the Senator's nostrils. He had been endeavoring to define the difference between rights and principles, and would show that the interests were on the side of the North, but the rights on that of the South.

Mr. Douglas expressed the hope that the vote would now be taken. He would make no speech himself, lest some one might reply to it.

The Senate voted on Mr. Wilson's proposition to amend the motion to refer the message to the Committee on Territories, by instructing the committee to ascertain the number of votes given from time to time in Kansas, whether the same was in compliance with law, and to ascertain what portion of the votes were fraudulent or illegal, with power to send for persons and papers. Disagreed to by the following vote:—

Yeas—Messrs. Broderick, Cameron, Chandler, Collamer, Dixon, Doolittle, Douglas, Durkee, Fessenden, Foote, Foster, Hale, Hamlin, Harlan, King, Seward, Simmons, Stuart, Sumner, Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson—21.

Nays—Messrs. Bell, Benjamin, Biggs, Bigler, Bright, Brown, Clay, Crittenden, Davis, Evans, Fitch, Fitzpatrick, Green, Hammond, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson, of Tenn., Kennedy, Mallory, Mason, Polk, Sebastian, Slidell, Toombs, Wright, and Yulee—28.

The message and Lecompton Constitution was then referred to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Douglas again asked the Senate to take up his resolution, calling on the President for information relative to Kansas, including correspondence, etc.

Mr. Mason moved an adjournment. Mr. Douglas hoped not.

Mr. Mason—I make that motion. It is not debatesable. Mr. Wilson demanded the yeas and nays, and the motion to adjourn was carried—yeas 27, against 23.

On the 9th, various petitions and memorials were presented, including one from the State of Iowa, praying for a reimbursement for the expenses of the Indian war in that State, and that the volunteers in that war be entitled to receive grants of public lands.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, moved to postpone the army bill in order to take up the Kansas resolution calling for the election returns, &c.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, stated, in explanation of his vote on the motion, that although he was in favor of the Kansas resolution, he should vote against the postponement of the army bill, by any new discoveries. The motion was lost—yeas 23, nays 30.

Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, offered a resolution granting authority to the President to settle the pending difficulties with Paraguay. Ordered to be printed.

The bill providing for an increase of the army was then taken up.

Mr. Dixon, of Connecticut, replied to the speech of Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, and others, on Kansas and slavery. In the course of his remarks, he referred to the President's letter to Professor Silliman; eulogizing the latter gentleman as the peer of the highest mind in the scientific world, and as having attained an eminence which, if the President himself should ever reach, he might well be satisfied.

He contended that the repeal of the Missouri compromise was a just denial of the right of the Government to interfere with the Territories in relation to slavery. He referred to the fraudulent character of the Kansas election, and to the interference of the Government troops in those elections, denouncing the latter as an act of usurpation. He rejoiced that the question was no longer in relation to a degraded race, but to a general one, in which every man might forget his prejudices. He alluded to the President's suggestions as to a possible dissolution of the Union if the Kansas question was settled on any other basis than a Southern one. The suggestion was monstrous. He had no fears of such a result. Connecticut was a Union-loving State, but when she is met with such a threat she is silent. He concluded: If the people of Kansas are not allowed to choose for themselves in this question of slavery, the North would show a united front, such as she never exhibited before.

Mr. Foot, of Vermont, called the attention of the Senate to the subject immediately before it. He was opposed to an increase of the army. He even thought it might be reduced without detriment to the country. As to the Utah troubles, he would withdraw the troops already there, and recall the Government officers, leaving the Mormons to the fate of their own vices and delusions. If, however, it was the intention, as had been suggested, to send these troops to Kansas, he was of the opinion that the proposed increase would fall far below the number that would be required. If for the protection of the frontiers and against the Indians, he would say, protect these poor Indians against their white oppressors, put a stop to the wrongs and robberies committed upon them, withdraw your Indian agents, and there will be no need to send troops against them.

Mr. Foot spoke at some length, in a similar strain, closing with the remark, that in the absence of foreign war, absence of internal discord, in the presence of the pending national bankruptcy, he thought it would best subserve the interests of the country to vote against the bill in all its parts.

Mr. Pugh said, if gentlemen would bring in a bill reducing both the army and navy, he would vote for it.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, opposed the bill. He had looked through all reports and documents on the subject, without seeing any good reason for the increase. The expense would amount to $140,000,000. He was willing to support the Administration in any reasonable measure, but could not vote for such a proposition.

Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, opposed the bill. He would not vote a dollar to send troops to Kansas or Utah, and would never sanction by his vote an executive war. He agreed with the Senator from Vermont, and would recall the troops and officials from Utah, and leave the Mormons to their fate. Adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, presented the credentials of Mr. Grimes, the new Senator from Iowa.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, attempted to bring up the Kansas resolutions.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, objected, and called for the yeas and nays.

Mr. Douglas proceeded to give his reasons why the resolution should take precedence of the army bill, when a spirited scene occurred between him and Senators Davis and Mason, who frequently interrupted him by objecting to his going into the merits of the question.

Mr. Douglas said he claimed nothing more than the same privilege and courtesy that had always been granted to other Senators on similar occasions.

Mr. Davis replied that it was never the custom on a motion to postpone, to discuss the merits of questions not before the Senate.

Mr. Douglas rejoined with some acrimony, when Mr. Mason interfered, stating that if the gentleman persisted, he should claim the privilege of replying.

Mr. Douglas then gave way by calling for the yeas and nays on his motion, which was lost—yeas 23, nays 20.

The army bill was then debated by Messrs. Mason and Davis.

Mr. Mason confessed to having but little knowledge on the matter. He relied on the estimates of the War Department, and would vote for the increase without considering that he was merely blindly registering the edicts of the Executive.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, advocated the bill, eulogising the army as having performed greater feats than any in the world of similar numbers.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, would state, in behalf of the Administration, though not by request, that the Government does not desire the bill to pass, fortifying his position by reading an article in to-day's *Union*. Although he would not endorse the Administration in all things, yet he would vote in accordance with its desire to kill the bill.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, opposed the bill, saying that he would never again vote for the increase of the army. He had been read out of the Democratic party, but he had never cared enough about it to ask the reason. General Jackson had principles without a platform, but the present Administration had a platform without principles.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, commenced answering the objections to the bill, but, without concluding, gave way to a motion to adjourn.

On the 11th, Mr. Evans, of South Carolina, reported a series of resolutions, making an appropriation for the publication of the opinions of the Judges of the Supreme Court on the Dred Scott case.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, offered an amendment, to the effect, that the Senate does not mean to endorse the Dred Scott doctrine, and called the yeas and nays.

The yeas were 19. Mr. Broderick, of California, voted nay.

The resolutions were lost—nays 32, including Messrs. Cameron, Dixon, Foster and Hale.

The consideration of the Army Bill was resumed. After remarks of Senators Davis and Houston, a motion was made to strike out the first section of the bill, which proposed to add two companies to each regiment. Lost, yeas 25, nays 26.

The same section was subsequently amended, by limiting the increase to two years.

Mr. Hale said he would as soon vote for an increase for all time, as for two years, for that would be the ultimate result. Adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The proceedings on the 8th, were briefly stated last week. From their importance, we insert them more fully, with the yeas and nays.

The Speaker announced the pending proposition to be on seconding the demand on the previous question on the several motions to refer the President's special Kansas message. The demand was seconded by a vote of 110 to 115.

The main question was then ordered to be put, by yeas 113, nays 107.

The result of this vote was watched by members and spectators with the greatest anxiety.

The next question was announced to be on the motion of Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, to refer the message to the Committee on Territories.

The House disagreed on this motion, the vote standing yeas 113, nays 114.

The next question to be taken was announced to be on Mr. Harris' (Ill.) resolution to refer the message to a special committee. This resolution is an amendment to Mr. Hughes' resolution, and provides that the President's message and the Lecompton Constitution be referred to a select committee of fifteen, to be appointed by the Speaker, with instructions to inquire into all facts connected with the formation of the said Constitution, and the laws under which the same originated, and into all the facts and proceedings which have transpired since the formation of the Constitution, and whether it is satisfactory to the legal voters of the Territory—the committee to have power to send for persons and papers.

Mr. Clark, of New York, asked to be excused from voting, on the ground that a vote in the affirmative would be inconsistent with that he had just given, and that a vote in the negative would imply an unwillingness to have an investigation made, which in his opinion should be by the Committee on Territories.

The House refused to excuse him—yeas 89, nays 106.

Mr. Harris' amendment was carried; yeas 114, nays 111.

Yeas—Messrs. Abbott, Adrian, Andrews, Bennett, Billinghurst, Bingham, Blair, Bliss, Brayton, Burlington, Burlingame, Burroughs, Campbell, Case, Chaffee, Chapman, Clark, Jr., of Connecticut, Clawson, Cochrane, Cockerill, Colfax, Comins, Covode, Cox, Cragin, Curtis, Damrell, Davis, of Maryland, Davis, of Indiana, Davis, of Massachusetts, Davis, of Iowa, Dawes, Dean, Dewart, Dick, Dodd, Durfee, Edie, English, Farnsworth, Fenton, Foley, Foster, Giddings, Gilman, Gooch, Goodwin, Granger, Groesbeck, Grow, Hall, of Ohio, Hall, of Massachusetts, Harlan, Harris, of Illinois, Haskin, Hickman, Heard, Horton, Howard, Owen Jones, Kellogg, Kelsey, Kilgore, Knapp, Kunkel, of Pennsylvania, Lawrence, Leach, Letter, Lovejoy, McKibbon, Marshall, of Ill., Montgomery, Morgan, Morrill, Morris, of Penn., Morris, of Ill., Morse, of Maine, Moore, of New York, Mott, Murray, Niblack, Nichols, Olin, Palmer, Parker, Pettit, Pike, Potter, Pottle, Purviance, Ritchie, Robbins, Roberts, Royce, Shaw, of Illinois, Sherman, of Ohio, Sherman, of New York, Smith, of Illinois, Spinner, Stanton, Stewart, of Pennsylvania, Tappan, Thayer, Thompson, Tompkins, Wade, Waldridge, Walton, Washburne, of Wisconsin, Washburne, of Illinois, Washburne, of Maine, Wilson.

Nays—Messrs. Anderson, Arnold, Atkins, Avery, Barksdale, Bishop, Bocock, Bowie, Boyce, Branch, Bryan, Burnett, Burns, Caskie, Clark, of Mo., Clay, Clemens, Cllingman, Cobb, John Cochrane, of N. Y., Corning, Craig, of Mo., Craige, of N. C., Crawford, Curry, Davidson, Davis, of Miss., Dimmick, Dowdell, Edmundson, Elliott, Eustis, Faulkner, Florence, Garnett, Gartrell, Gillis, Goode, Greenwood, Gregg, Hatch, Hawkins, Hill, Hopkins, Houston, Hughes, Hoyler, Jackson, Jenkins, Jewett, Jones, of Tenn., J. Glancy Jones, Keitt, Kelly, Kunkel, of Md., Lamar, Landy, Letcher, Maclay, McQueen, Marshall, of Ky., Mason, Miles, Miller, Millson, Moore, Pendleton, Peyton, Phelps, Phillips, Powell, Quitman, Ready, Reagan, Ricaud, Ruffin, Russell, Sandidge, Savage, Scales, Scott, Searing, Seward, Shaw, of N. C., Shorter, Sickles, Singleton, Smith, of Tenn., Smith, of Va., Stallworth, Stephens, Stevenson, Stewart, of Md., Talbot, Taylor, of N. Y., Taylor, of Louisiana, Trippe, Underwood, Ward, Warren, Watkins, White, Whiteley, Winslow, Woodson, Wortendyke, Wright, of Geo., Wright, of Tenn., Zollicoffer.

Mr. Harris then moved to reconsider the vote and lay the motion on the table, which was carried; yeas 115, nays 111.

Mr. Hughes' resolution to refer the Kansas message to a select committee of thirteen, as amended by the adoption of Mr. Harris' substitute, (as given above) was agreed to by a vote of 115 yeas, 111 nays.

On agreeing to Mr. Hughes' resolution, as amended by Mr. Harris' substitute, the vote was the same as the above yeas and nays, with the exception that Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, changed his vote to the affirmative, and Mr. Gilmer's name was added to the negative.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, rose to a personal explanation, saying the House would remember that its proceedings during the session of Friday were broken in an unpleasant manner. It was due to fair dealing that he should assume to himself all the responsibility for the violation of its order, dignity, and decorum. He was the aggressor; and whatever of responsibility properly attached to that act belonged to him alone. It was also due to justice that he should make whatever reparation it was in his power to the dignity and decorum of the House, thus violated. He did this in the expression of his profound regret at the occurrence. Personal collisions are always unpleasant, and very seldom excusable; rarely justifiable—never in a legislative body. He felt in full force the responsibility which he assumed in saying that he was the aggressor, and that the entire responsibility belonged to him. In this connection he had but one other remark to make, which was that, whether any blow was directed at him or not was more than he could say; at least he was unconscious of having received it. With this explanation he parted from the subject.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, said that he had been taught in childhood that all fights among men are disgraceful to human nature and to a Christian community; and that this was especially the case when they occur among the lawmakers, in the midst of their deliberations. Riper years and the force of education satisfied him that this lesson was good and true, yet the right of self defence, he recognized, as one of the inalienable rights of man, to be exercised on all occasions, and under all circumstances, when necessary for the protection of life or property.

At the last sitting of the House he found himself unexpectedly engaged in his first personal conflict. For this he tendered to the House, most cheerfully, whatever apology was due for this violation of its order and decorum, and no one regretted more than himself the occasion for the violation of its order.

The House immediately adjourned.

On the 9th, a resolution was adopted authorizing the committee appointed to investigate the accounts and official conduct of the late doorkeeper, to extend their inquiry into any charges affecting the official conduct of the present doorkeeper.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones, of Penns., from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported an appropriation bill to enable the President to fulfill the treaty stipulations relative to the abolition of the Sound dues.

The bill appropriating $80,000 to run a boundary line between the United States territory and the State of Texas was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Haskin, of New York, a resolution was adopted, appointing a special committee to investigate the facts and circumstances connected with the sale and purchase of a tract of land at Willets or Wilkinson's Point, New York, for government fortifications, with power to send for persons and papers.

The remainder of the day was devoted to the calling of States for presentation of bills and resolutions on various subjects. Adjourned.

On the 10th, the bill amendatory to the act for the safety of passengers on boats propelled in whole or in part by steam, was taken up for consideration.

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, showed the necessity for the passage of the bill, and explained that it brings under the operation of the law of 1819 ferry and tug boats. Additional restrictions are imposed against carrying spirits of turpentine, gunpowder, and all other combustible articles. Penalties are also imposed against inscribing false names on boats; a more thorough inspection of boilers; sailing vessels are required to carry lights, have their hulls divided into water-tight compartments; the number of passengers limited, and the renewal of rotten planks required.

Mr. Scott argued the necessity for provision to protect life on the ocean steamers, briefly reviewing the features of his bill for that purpose.

Mr. Clarke, of New York, stating his objections to the bill, said that the provision allowing only one passenger to every seven tons would confiscate ten millions of property, and lay at the wharves of New York every steamer engaged in commerce on the ocean. He wanted further time for consideration.

Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, regarded the bill as violative of the constitution, as it proposed to control the private business of those engaged in freighting, and also interfere with the rights of the States.

Mr. Miles Taylor, of Louisiana, advocated the new provisions to carry out the present law, which is, in many respects, inoperative.

John Cochrane, of New York, explained, and showed the necessity for the immediate passage of the bill.

Without taking the question, the House adjourned.

On the 11th, the Speaker announced the following as the Committee under the resolution of Mr. Harris, of Illinois, to which is referred the President's Message on the admission of Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution:—Messrs. Stephens, of Georgia; Letcher, of Virginia; Anderson, of Missouri; Stevenson, of Kentucky; Winslow, of North Carolina; White, of Pennsylvania; Quitman, of Mississippi; and Russell, of New York. Opponents of the measure:—Messrs. Bennett, of New York; Adrian, of New Jersey; Buffington, of Massachusetts; Harris, of Illinois; Morrill, of Vermont; Walbridge, of Michigan; Wade, of Ohio.

[Eight Lecompton men to seven anti Lecompton, judging of them by the vote on Monday on Mr. Harris's resolution.]

J. W. Wolcott, on motion of the Select Committee on the Lawrence, Stone & Co. alleged bribery was ordered to be arrested, and brought to the bar of the House, to answer for contempt, in refusing to answer categorically the question "Did you receive from Lawrence, Stone & Co., some time in March last, a sum in securities or money to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, more or less?" Adjourned.

On the 12th, the Sergeant-at-Arms having reported that he had, in obedience to the order of the House, arrested John W. Wolcott, he was required to bring him before the bar.

The Speaker, in pursuance of a resolution adopted on motion of Mr. Stanton, asked him what excuse he had for not answering the questions propounded by the Select Committee, viz: Whether he had received any money or securities from Messrs. Lawrence, Stone & Co., some time in March last, to the amount of $30,000, more or less, and whether he was now prepared to answer that and all other proper questions.

The witness was sworn by the Speaker as to the truth of his written reply, which was to the effect that he was here in obedience to the order of the House, to answer for an alleged contempt of the authority of the Select Committee by him. He assured the House, in all sincerity, that he did not design, nor did he suppose he was guilty of such an offence, and respectfully asked to be allowed until Monday next the opportunity to purge himself of the charge of contempt and fully justify his conduct. He wished again to consult his counsel.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, moved that the indulgence asked be granted, and that he be remanded to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms and have the benefit of counsel. After discussion the motion was adopted.

Mr. Boyce, of S. C., from the Committee on Elections, made a report in the case of Mr. Brooks, who contests the seat of H. Winter Davis, Representative from Maryland, the former charging that the election of the latter was obtained by fraud, and asking for a new election. The report says the authorities at Baltimore, who are implicated in the frauds, cannot be depended upon to extend security to witnesses, and they offer a resolution to the effect that it is inexpedient to grant the prayer of Mr. Brooks, for the committee to take testimony.

Mr. Phillips, of Pa., submitted a minority report from the same committee, stigmatizing the election proceedings at Baltimore as a gross insult to the institutions and laws—a most offensive mockery of political independence and popular sovereignty; and concludes with a resolution that the Committee on Elections have power to send for persons and papers to examine into all the evidence in the case.

The further consideration of the subject was postponed till Monday.

Mr. Heard, of New York, said that rumors were afloat, involving the rights and dignity of the House, and he asked leave to offer a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee to investigate whether attempts have been made by persons connected with the Executive Department, or persons acting under their advice, to influence either House, directly or indirectly, by promise or intimidation, of giving or withholding patronage, etc.

Lively proceedings followed the introduction of this resolution.

Mr. Warren, of Arkansas, objected to the reception of the resolution. If Mr. Heard would put his finger on the person so offending, he would vote with him. But not on such sweeping, indefinite charges.

Mr. Houston, of Alabama—If the gentleman would state on his own responsibility, that improper influences had been used, that would afford a tangible ground for investigation, but not scurrilous articles from newspapers.

Mr. Heard read from the Richmond *South*, which said the President had declared he would put the Lecompton Constitution through in thirty days or burst, as four desirable votes could be procured by means of Executive appointments, and it would require nice engineering.

Mr. Willson, of Virginia, read from Jefferson's Manual to show that Mr. Heard himself had committed a breach of privilege.

Mr. Warren said the Speaker must see that this was not a question of privilege. He thought it radically wrong to thus attempt to attack gentlemen who stand fair before the nation.

The Speaker thought this did present a question of privilege.

Mr. Heard read from the special Washington correspondence of the New York Tribune, of Thursday, as follows:—

"I learn that until Monday morning it was expected that Burns of Ohio, would vote against the Lecomptonites. On the morning of that day, however, he came to another perception of his duty, on the understanding with the President that his son-in-law would retain the valuable place of Postmaster at Keokuk, Iowa, and that he himself should be gratified with the office of Marshal of the Northern District of Ohio, when his present term in the House is completed."

Mr. Heard read from the constitution, showing that the President's power with Congress only extends to matters of legislation, and Washington's Farewell Address against trespassing on the rights of the National Legislature, adding that the newspaper statement formed the basis of action for the House.

Mr. Warren said that if Mr. Heard insinuated that the men on the Democratic side were influenced by cowardice or hope or fear, he was very much mistaken. Neither the Executive nor others could influence them. He was on the track of a distinguished Reporter, and if he could find him, would expel him from the House. If gentlemen wanted to attack Democrats, they would be met, but we do not want to be stabbed thus under the ribs.

Mr. Burns, of Ohio, pronounced the statement in the Tribune to be an unqualified falsehood.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, remarked the movement of Mr. Heard was founded on a vague rumor.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, accused Mr. Stephens of an attempt to strangle the investigation.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, was sorry to see so much unnecessary excitement. It became statesmen, representing a free people, to purge themselves from such charges of corruption. He referred to the fact that the Democrats once expelled the Reporter of the Tribune, for stating that his colleague, Mr. Sawyer, "ate sausages."

The House then, by a vote of 106 against 88, decided that Mr. Heard's resolution was not a question of privilege.

On motion, the House adjourned till Monday.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 186—Adults 77, and children 109.

A COLD DAY AT LAST.—The following is a summary of the weather on Thursday, the 11th:

Pittsburg—Clear,	-	8 above.
Detroit—Clear,	-	11 "
Buffalo—Clear, wind W.,	-	1 "
Cleveland—Clear, wind S. W.,	-	3 below.
Burlington—Clear, wind S. W.,	-	6 "
Janesville—Clear, wind N. W.,	-	6 "
Prairie du Chien—Cloudy,	-	2 "
Cairo, Ill—Clear, wind N.,	-	—
Chicago—Clear,	-	11 "
Portage City—Cloudy,	-	2 "
Milwaukie—Cloudy,	-	6 "
Fond du Lac—Clear, Wind W.,	-	4 "
Evansville, Ind.—Clear,	-	13 "
Vincennes—Clear,	-	10 "
Cincinnati—Clear,	-	9 "
Columbus—Clear,	-	6 "
Fulton, Ill.—Clear, wind S. E.,	-	10 "
Toledo—Clear,	-	zero.
St. Louis—Clear,	-	13 above.
Dubuque—Cloudy, wind S. W.,	-	6 "
Springfield, Ill.—Clear, wind E.,	-	10 "
Louisville—Clear,	-	25 "
St. John, N. B.—Fresh, clear, wind N. W.,	-	zero.
Charlottetown—Clear, cold, wind W.,	-	2 below.
Sackville—Clear, wind W. S. W.,	-	2 "
Halifax—Clear, wind N. W.,	-	12 above.
Boston, Mass.—Clear, severe N. W. gale all night,	-	12 "
New York, Noon—Clear, wind N. W., barometer 30.186,	-	24 "
Washington, Noon—Clear, wind N. W.		27 "

EVENING REPORT.

Baltimore—Cold, barometer 30.10, wind Northwest,	-	28 "
Washington—Clear, wind Northwest,	-	32 "

At Philadelphia, the thermometer, at six o'clock, (morning,) indicated a temperature of 14 degrees above zero, showing a difference between that time and the same hour on the previous day of 31 degrees. The lowest of the thermometer from the first of January up to Thursday was 24 degrees, which temperature was marked on the 8th and 23rd of January, and on the 1st and 8th of the present month. Tolerably thick ice was formed by the 12th.

CALCULATING MACHINES.—Babbage's celebrated calculating machine has long been known and used in England, but has never been brought into use in this country. It is said to be almost an impossibility to make a series of pages of figures absolutely correct and free from errors, except at a great expense for proof-reading. A single reader becomes confused and mystified by dwelling upon figures only, and is as likely to make errors as to correct them. As he cannot remain long at reading without becoming confused, his place must be supplied by others, who become confused in turn, to be then succeeded by fresh readers. The English sailing tables, by which all British ships were navigated, were said from this cause to be always wrong in some figure, and ships were being wrecked continually in consequence of these errors. They were made absolutely correct by Babbage's machine, which was the wonder of the time at which it was produced. But as a great discovery always leads to imitations, just as the best songs have been most frequently parodied, so Babbage has not only been imitated, but even surpassed. A French savan has completed an arithmometer of surprising capacity. He has worked patiently at this machine for thirty years. His name is Thomas, and his machine adds up, subtracts, multiplies, and divides, to an astonishing extent and with perfect accuracy. It will multiply 8 figures by 8 others in 18 seconds, divide any 16 figures by 8 others in 24 seconds, and in a minute and a quarter will extract the square root of 16 figures, and give the proof. This machine relieves the human mind, instead of taxing it. It works out the most difficult and complex operations with a rapidity and accuracy that defy competition, and adapts itself to any sort of combination. Its mechanism is extremely simple, while it is compact, light and portable. It is now used in various financial concerns in Paris, and will yet find its way into every great national observatory. To astronomers, it will be found of unspeakable value. Pascal and Leibnitz spent years in attempting to produce such a machine, but they were a century too soon.

THE LATE FRACAS AT WASHINGTON.—*The following account is from the Charleston* (S. C.) *Mercury*, which gets it, it says, from an "eye witness:"

"At about two o'clock, A. M., Gen. Quitman offered a proposition to disentangle the proceedings in the House. Mr. Grow, who was in one of the aisles on the Democratic side of the House, objected a little tartly. Mr. Keitt said to him, 'Go on the other side of the House, to which you belong, if you want to object.' Mr. Grow answered, 'I'll object where I please.' Mr. Keitt then said, 'Wait till I can come round, and I'll take care of you.' Mr. Keitt went round and said to him, 'You Abolitionist puppy, move to your side of the House, and don't stay here.' Mr. Grow said 'I'll stay as long as I please.' Mr. Keitt then choked him for an instant. He then started off, when Mr. Grow said, '

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL—CONTINUED EASE IN MONEY AFFAIRS—FURTHER RISE IN COTTON, &c.

The City of Baltimore and the Indian bring Liverpool advices to the 27th.

The English papers are filled with accounts of the marriage of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, which took place in the Chapel Royal of St. James Palace, on Monday morning, January 25th. London was filled with royal guests, chiefly from the German courts. Among them were the King of the Belgians, the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, (parents of the bridegroom,) the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, the Count of Flanders and many others.

The ceremony of marriage was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Oxford and Chester, the Dean of Windsor, and the Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal.

There were three processions—the Queen's, the bridegroom's, and the bride's. The latter was supported by her father. The ceremonies were of the most imposing character. Before the service, a choral, written for the occasion, was sung by the boys of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey choirs. At the conclusion, Handel's Hallelujah Chorus was sung; as the procession of the bride and bridegroom left the chapel, Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played.

There were illuminations and various festivities in London and throughout the kingdom.

The bride and bridegroom were to leave in a day or two, for Berlin, where a grand reception was prepared for them.

The young couple immediately went to Windsor. They were drawn there by the Eton boys, amid great cheering.

A serious disturbance occurred at Belfast on the evening of the 25th ult., while fireworks were being let off in honor of the marriage of the Princess Royal. Great crowds thronged the principal streets of the city, and a riotous disturbance was evinced. The row commenced by the throwing of stones, and soon it became general. Large bodies of the constabulary force attempted to restore order. Men were assailed by missiles, and finally the disturbances rose to such a height that the Mayor read the riot act. Prompt measures were then immediately taken to disperse the mob, and by midnight quiet was restored.

The Leviathan was moved nine feet nine inches aft, and eight feet forward on Monday; whilst the men were moving the timber, an iron handle sprang from its position, throwing all engaged in every direction; one man's skull was fractured, and another had his right arm broken and his side injured.

The London Morning Post, in an editorial article, insists that something should be done by England to show that it has no sympathy with those execrable miscreants, the "Nena Sahibs," of Revolutionary Europe, who, in the security which England affords, have plotted and conspired against the life of the Emperor of the French.

The Times points out that murder is a crime to the moral sense of all mankind, not so the attempt to change the form of government; so while we need not make it equally a crime to plot a revolution at home, or in some foreign country, there is much to be said for making it criminal to compass murder, whoever and wherever the intended victim.

INDIA AND CHINA.—Telegraphs published in the English journals, announce an anticipated engagement with the rebels at Alumbagh, and that Gen. Outram is preparing for defence. An immense number of rebels are concentrating at Bithor.

The course of the French fleet in reference to the anticipated attack upon Canton is unknown.

It is believed the Chinese authorities will reject the British ultimatum, in which event fearful slaughter is apprehended.

FRANCE.—The American ship Adriatic, which stole a march on the authorities of Marseilles, by leaving the port secretly, has been captured by the French vessel of war sent in pursuit, and taken back. The vessel was captured at the Gulf of Spezzia. The captain was put in irons.

The Queen mother of Oude died in Paris on the 24th of January.

The further details developed in regard to the recent attempt to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon, are interesting.

The congratulatory address of the army to the Emperor says:—"Even had the odious attempt succeeded, it would not have overthrown the Empire. We should have cried, 'The Emperor Napoleon is dead; long live the Emperor Napoleon IV.' Strong in the constitution and laws, we should at once have proclaimed the Prince Imperial. Henceforth, the Napoleons must reign over France. It is our prayer, and it will be that of our children."

The Paris correspondent of the Times is informed that Gen. Changarnier is about to follow the example of Gen. Lamoriciere, and return to France.

The Paris correspondent of the London Post believes that it has been decided to divide France into four military departments, with depots of armies, and in the event of the Emperor being taken away by fatality, France will find material for maintaining order. It is anticipated that generals most devoted to the Empire will take command of the divisions.

Advices from Rome to the 23d ult., report that the police pretend to have seized a number of letters, indicating that a political movement had been projected for the 15th January, and that the conspirators only awaited a signal from Paris, being aware of the contemplated assassination of the Emperor.

BELGIUM.—The Belgian Government had not, as was intimated in the *Moniteur*, any intentions of altering its laws in respect to foreign refugees, and would content itself with prosecuting the two newspapers *La Drapeau* and *Le Crocodile*.

Col. Charras, who was ordered by the Belgian Government to quit Belgium, was about to sail for the United States.

THE FOREIGN REFUGEES IN GENEVA.—ROME, Jan. 26.—The Geneva government has replied to the Federal Council that the investigation which has just been made has not led to the discovery of any charge that can be brought to bear on the attempted assassination on the 14th. The government of Geneva adds that it will exercise a strict surveillance over the conduct of the refugees.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—It is alleged, on the authority of letters, that Russian agents have been creating a ferment in the Sclavonic Provinces of Turkey, by circulating a document relative to the projected abolition of serfdom in Russia.

Fresh disturbances have broken out in Bosnia, and the Porte has dispatched thither large bodies of troops.

The Ottoman Government has published the plan of the ministry for the withdrawal of the paper money, by means of the issue of three hundred and twelve million Francs of Sequins, guaranteed by the produce of the customs duties and the direct taxes.

THREE DAYS LATER.

CANTON TO BE ATTACKED—DEFEAT OF INSURGENTS IN INDIA—LEVIATHAN NEARLY AFLOAT.

HALIFAX, Feb. 14.—The Cunard steamship Niagara has arrived, with Liverpool advices to Saturday, 30th ult. The Niagara experienced very heavy weather during the whole passage.

A numerous deputation had waited on Lord Palmerston to urge the immediate abolition of the Church rates. They met with such a lukewarm encouragement that they adopted an indignant resolution and pledged themselves to press forward an independent bill on the subject.

Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the husband of the Princess Royal, had been invested with the Order of the Garter.

The Leviathan had been pushed twenty-five feet off the end of the launching ways, and her cradles were being removed. She had over seventeen feet of water under her, and was expected to float on the 30th or 31st.

A resolution, pending before the General Court of Directors of the East India Company, deprecating the proposed change in the government of India, was carried by an almost unanimous vote.

The London Advertiser asserts that the India bill will not be nearly so sweeping as is generally believed, and as was at first intended. Ministers will consent to modifications in the measure in its progress through Parliament, and it will not be passed this year; if not withdrawn, it will be shelved at the end of the session.

Heavy drafts of troops were under orders to embark for India.

The Bank of England reduced the rate of account on the 29th to four per cent. The reduction had little or no effect on the money market or stock exchange.

The London Times remarks on the subject, that there is a prospect that the tendency for a considerable period may be towards increased ease in the money market. For the last week or two, applications at the Bank for discount have almost entirely ceased. They are still likely to be only of a very moderate character, since the minimum rate in the open market has for some days not been higher than three per cent., while in the Stock Exchange the supply is abundant at two. The interest on deposits allowed by the discount houses has been reduced to 2½ per cent.

The Daily News says that some persons are disposed to look for a further reduction in the Bank minimum.

General Outram has attacked the enemy at Alumbagh, India, and defeated them, capturing four guns.

The Punjaub and Central India was tranquil.

The intelligence furnished by the newspapers from China is no later, but the letters received state that the Hon. Wm. B. Reed, the American Commissioner, had sought an interview with Yeh, but met with a sarcastic rebuff. Lord Elgin's propositions have also been rejected in the same strain.

A speedy attack upon Canton was anticipated. The American Commissioner solicited an interview in the city. Yeh replied that he would meet him outside of the city, but that no barbarian should set foot within the limits of Canton.

The steamer Leviathan was expected to be fully afloat the same day the Niagara sailed.

The Emperor Napoleon has issued a decree dividing the French army into five great divisions, to be placed respectively under the command of Marshals Castellano, Bosquet, Pellissier, Canrobert and Waillant.

The addresses from the army to the Emperor relative to the late attempted assassination, are growing very offensive to the English. Many of the addresses call for permission to pursue and exterminate the conspirators in their haunts. The Zouaves almost regretted that they had no opportunity to manifest their zeal in a striking manner, and the address of the 82d Regiment contains the following sentence:—"And if your Majesty wants soldiers to reach those men, even in their haunts, we humbly pray you to designate the 82d Regiment as part of the advance guard of the army."

Addresses from other regiments appear to have been worded still stronger, for the *Moniteur* has omitted some of the paragraphs.

Lablache is dead.

A conspiracy against the King of Naples has been discovered.

A Brussels paper affirms that the French Foreign Minister had addressed a note to the British, Belgian, Swiss and Sardinian Governments, demanding certain measures which may prevent renewed attempts at assassination.

LATEST.—The correspondents of the London Times report that no further measures of repression will be directed against the French press.

LIVERPOOL, Jan 30.—The sales of Cotton for the week has been 65,000 bales, including 11,500 to speculators, and 2,500 for export. The advices from America by the Baltic had caused another advance of ⅛d, at which the market closed steady and buoyant. Liverpool letters, by the Niagara, state that the Cotton market is firm and buoyant, and that prices had advanced a full farthing since the sailing of the Arabia, but was unchanged since the Indian left. Speculators and spinners were purchasing fair New Orleans at 7¼, and middling at 7. The stock of American Cotton has been reduced below 400,000 bales.

Manchester advices were favorable—there were more buyers than sellers.

Breadstuffs dull; all qualities have declined except Corn, which is steady. Flour is very dull and unsaleable. Wheat very dull, with a decline of 2d. since Tuesday.

Provisions—Beef quiet but steady; Pork steady and quiet; Bacon firm, with some inquiry for American; Lard steady at 62s 3d.

Sugar dull, at a decline of 6d @ 1s; Coffee quiet; prices easier, but quotations unchanged.

Tea is slow of sale, but prices are unaltered; Congous 1s. 1¼d.; market buoyant, with an improved demand, there being more buyers than sellers.

The bullion in the Bank of England has increased £162,000.

American stocks were firm, some descriptions having advanced.

AMERICANS AND SWISS.—We copy from the *Revenue de Geneve* the following story:—

An American returning lately with his guide from the glacier of the Rhone, got into an altercation with him and struck him with his fist. The guide at first did not seem to be offended, but, arriving at the village, he requested the American to pay him thirty francs, if he did not wish to be stoned by the inhabitants. What could our Yankee do? Resistance was impossible; he would have been sacrificed. He asked the guide if he would take another such blow for thirty-five francs more? The guide willingly agreed, and the powerful Yankee struck him a stunning blow with his fist; but the mountaineer did not even frown, and the two gentlemen parted the best of friends.

COLLECTING A DEBT.—Recently, during divine service, an honest man arose and asked permission to say a few words. The gentleman in the desk gave him permission to speak, when he said that he wished to inform them he had worked for a member of this church (pointing his finger at and naming the individual) for three months at thirteen dollars a month, and that he refused to pay him. The Rev. gentleman then informed him that it was no place for entering such complaints, but said he would see what could be done. Many were impressed with the idea that this was a better plan than going before a justice to collect debts.—*Port Byron Gazette.*

"THE JERKS."—The Illinois *Baptist* of January 14th says that "this strange infatuation is again revived in our immediate vicinity. It made its appearance in a protracted meeting among the Methodists at Indian Grove. The ministers who conducted the meetings moved them from Indian Grove to Avoca, and brought with them five or six of the jerkers, and thus the contagion commenced in the latter place. Our informant was present at several of their meetings in Avoca, and describes the scenes as very exciting. From fifty to a hundred were jerking at the same time. Their hands, shoulders, feet, and head would be violently thrown into the most grotesque and apparently painful shapes. The women's bonnets would fly off, their hair become dishevelled, and in some instances snap like a whip."

☞ Every self-conquest, every progress in sanctification, is an increase of influence over souls.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb 13—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is firm; 8500 bbls sold at $4,15@4,22½ for State, and $4,70@4,90 for Ohio, an advance of 5c on each. Wheat is very dull. Corn advanced, 20,000 bush sold at 67@70c for white, an advance of 1c. Mess Pork is 15c better at $16,10.

COTTON—Sales of 1000 bales at our annexed quotations.

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	10½	10¼	10⅝	10⅛
Middling	11⅝	12⅛	12⅛	12⅛
Middling fair	12⅛	12⅝	13	13
Fair	13	13	—	—

COFFEE—Rio is firm with a fair demand; sales of 900 bags at 10@11c. Other kinds are firm; sales of 200 half bales Mocha at 17c.

SUGARS—The market is steady, with sales of 400 hhds Cuba at 5@6c, and 500 hhds New Orleans at 5⅞@6¼c. Refined are quiet at steady prices.

MOLASSES—New Orleans is selling to a fair extent, some 1000 bbls have been sold, including a portion last evening at 33½@36c, the former figure cash, port to arrive; Cuba descriptions are steady.

HOPS—Are quiet at 5@6c for common to good, and 9@10c for choice 1857's. Old are without alteration.

WHISKEY—The market is firm, the demand not very active. Sales of 300 bbls at 24c.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The depression noticed for some weeks past has been increased by the unfavorable tenor of the European accounts. The receipts have fallen off, but there is very little demand, and we reduce our quotations 12½c ₱ bbl. The sales for export comprise 8000 bbls at $4,37½@4,50 ₱ bbl for standard and good straight brands; $4,70@5 for extra, and $5 for extra family, including 250 bbls Brandywine; 1000 bbls Ohio extra and extra family on private terms, and 400 half bbls Broad Street Mills at $5,25 ₱ pair. The sales for home consumption have been limited within the range of these figures for common and extra brands, and $5,25@5,75 for extra family and fancy lots. There has been more inquiry for Rye Flour, and 1800 bbls sold at $3. Corn Meal has been very dull, and only 500 bbls Penns sold at $3,87½@3,91 ₱ bbl. A sale of 250 bbls Brandywine on terms kept private.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat continue small, but there has been very little demand for it, and prices have declined 2@3c ₱ bush. Sales of 12,000 bushels Penna, Southern and Kentucky red at $1@1,10; closing at $1@1,05, and white at $1,15@1,20 ₱ bushel. Rye comes forward slowly, and has been in steady request at 69c for Delaware, and 70c for Penns. Corn has been in steady request at former rates. Sales of 30,000 bush yellow at 55@56c in store, and 58½@59c. Oats have been very dull. Sales of 3000 bush at 31c ₱ bush for Penns, and 33c for Southern, including 1000 bush inferior Virginia at 26c.

PROVISIONS—Supplies from the West have not increased since our last notice, and there has been no accumulation of stocks of any description. The demand for Pork has been limited, but holders are firm at the late advance. Sales of Mess at $16, on time; and Prime, in lots, at $15. Small sales of Mess Beef (city packed) at $17@18, cash. Bacon has been quiet—partly owing to the want of stocks to operate in. Small sales of Hams at 10½@12c ₱ lb, on time, for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 8¾@9c, and Shoulders at 7½@7¾c, cash and 60 days, now held at our highest figures. Green Salted Meats have been in good demand, and prices are looking up. Sales 400 casks; pickled Hams at 9½c; Sides at 7¾@8, and Shoulders at 6¾@6¾c ₱ lb, 6 mos. The receipts have been light. 12,000 lbs rough cut Meat (loose) sold at 7¾c for Hams; 7¼c for Sides, and 6¾c, cash, for Shoulders. Lard is held firmly, but the demand has been moderate. Sales of bbls at 9¾@10¼c, cash, now held at 10c, and kegs at 10¾@11c; 100 pkgs Country sold at 9c, cash. Butter continues dull, but prices are unchanged. Sales of solid packed Pennsylvania and Ohio at 11@12c, and Roll at 13@18c ₱ lb, cash, as in quality.

BARK—There is no Quercitron Bark coming forward, and the stock here is about exhausted. No. 1 is wanted at $28,50 ₱ ton. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—There is a steady demand for good yellow with further sales at 27¾@28 cents ₱ lb, cash.

CANDLES—There has been very little demand for any description. Small sales of Adamantine at 15@18 cents ₱ lb, 4 and 6 months.

COAL—Supplies continue to come forward very slowly, but we have to notice a continuance of the depression which has characterized the market for months past, and prices are rather drooping. There is little or no shipping demand, and at Richmond operations are about suspended.

COFFEE—There has been a more spirited demand and prices have advanced fully ¾@¼ cent ₱ lb. The sales comprise 2500 bushels Rio at 9¾@11 cents, and 2774 do by auction at 8¾@11½ cents ₱ lb, on time, averaging 10,31. A sale of 50 bags Singapore at 11¾ cts, cash. Another auction of 4000 bags is announced for Thursday next.

COPPER—is very dull, and the sales of both English Sheathing and Yellow Metal have been unimportant.

COTTON—The favorable advices from Europe have caused holders to again put up their prices ¼@⅜ cents ₱ lb. There has been more demand, and 450 bales Upland sold at 11¾@12¾ cents cash for low grade and middling fair quality.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has not been much doing. Small sales of Soda Ash at 2¾@3¼ cents, Bleaching Powders at 3¼@3½c, and some crude Camphor—which has advanced—on terms not made public. Sebellae is scarce and advancing. A cargo of Jamaica Logwood sold at $12,50, 6 months; 20 cirrons Ipecac at $1, 6 months, and some Madders at 11@13c, on time.

FEATHERS—Continue very dull. The last sales of Western were at 40@41c, on time.

FISH—There are but few Mackerel arriving, and the demand has been confined to small lots from store, and prices are well maintained. Small sales of medium No. 1 at $11@11,25 ₱ bbl; No. 2 at $10@10,25, and No. 3 at $9@9,25. The latter are very scarce. Codfish are selling at $3,25@3,37½ ₱ 112 lbs, and Pickled Herring at $3 50 ₱ bbl.

FRUIT—The balance of a cargo of Palermo Oranges and Lemons sold, from the landing, on terms not made public. Raisins are selling slowly at $2,25 ₱ box for Bunch, and $2,50 for Layers. Limited sales of Citron and Currants at our quotations. The demand for Dried Apples continues limited. Sales at 6c@6¼c ₱ lb, mostly at the latter figure. There are but few Dried Peaches offering, and the sales have been only in small lots at 10@13c for unpared halves, and 15@18c for pared. Green Apples are scarce, and sell at $2,50@3 ₱ bbl. Cranberries range from $9@12 ₱ bbl.

FLAX—Sales of 2000 the Ohio at 7c ₱ lb, cash, and 2000 lbs do at 8c, 30 days.

GINSENG—There is very little Crude or Clarified offering, but prices are unchanged.

GUANO—The Agent of the Peruvian Government has reduced the price $10 ₱ ton of 2000 lbs, and sales are making in lots at $50@51 ₱ ton cash.

HEMP—There is but little stock here, and no transactions have come under our notice.

HIDES—Are unchanged. A sale of 1300 Carocas at 16c ₱ lb, on time.

HOPS—Continue to meet a very limited inquiry, and the sales have been only in a small way, at 6@11c ₱ lb, for first sort Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but there is nothing doing.

IRON—There has been but a limited inquiry for Pig Metal, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 1000 tons Foundry at $71 ₱ ton, cash, and some No 3 on terms kept secret. A sale of 70 tons Northern Blooms at $42,50, 6 mos, and a lot on private terms. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig, and prices are nominal. Bar Iron and Boiler Plates sell slowly at former rates.

LEAD—There is but little Pig Lead here, and it has advanced. 500 pigs Spanish sold at 5½c ₱ lb cash.

LEATHER—The market is well supplied with both Spanish, Sole, and Slaughter, but the demand has been limited.

LUMBER—There has been little or no inquiry, and the sales have been unimportant.

MOLASSES—There has been more inquiry during the past week for New Orleans, and holders have succeeded in realizing an advance of 1@2c ₱ gallon. Sales of 1500 barrels at 28@30c, cash and 4 months—closing at the latter quotations. By auction 150 bbls New York Syrup sold at 32@35½c, cash.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of 500 bbls common Rosin at $1,40 ₱ bbl, and medium grades at $1,75@2. Tar and Pitch sell in a small way at $1,87½@2,25. Spirits of Turpentine—The stock is now much reduced, and holders are firm at an advance of 2c ₱ gallon. Sales of 250 bbls at 40@43c, cash and 60 days, now held at the latter rate.

OILS—The demand for Fish Oils has been only for small lots, from store, and prices continue as last quoted. Lard Oil is very dull, although the stock is light. Small sales of No 1 winter at 85@90c; on time. Red Oil is scarce and worth 50c, cash. Linseed Oil is held with more firmness, and sales are making at 52@55c, cash.

PLASTER—There is little or none offering. The last sale of soft was at $3 ₱ ton.

RICE—There has been more inquiry, and with a light stock prices are firmer. Sales of 150 casks at 3¾@3 9-16c ₱ lb, on time.

SALT—Prices are unchanged. An import of Turks Island sold on terms not made public.

SEEDS—Clover seed is a fair inquiry. Sales of 2000 bush at $5,25@5,50 ₱ 64 lbs, and 2500 bush for export at 6¾@6¾c ₱ lb. Timothy is dull. Flaxseed is scarce, and taken on arrival at $1,35 ₱ bush.

SUMAC—About 300 bags Sicily sold at $75@80 ₱ ton, 6 mos.

STEARINE—A sale of 50 lbs Stearine at 9½c ₱ lb, cash.

SPICES—Nutmegs are held rather higher. A sale of Cloves at 7c ₱ lb.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin are unchanged, and the demand continues quite limited. N. E. Rum, sells as wanted, at 39@40 cents. Whiskey has been dull, but at the close there was a better feeling. Sales of barrels at 20@21 cents; hhds at 19@20 cents, and Drudge at 19 cents.

SUGAR—There has been an increased demand both for refining and for the supply of the trade, and at the close holders advanced their views ¼@¼ cent ₱ lb; the sales for three days amount to 1500 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at 5¾@7⅛ cents ₱ lb, on time; at the close some lots of New Orleans were stored.

TALLOW—is unchanged. Small sales of City Rendered at 11c ₱ lb, cash.

TEAS—The New York auction sales establish a further advance, and prices are looking up.

TOBACCO—is quiet and prices are unchanged. A small lot of fine Maysville Leaf was sold for export, on terms kept private.

WINES—There have been no sales worthy of notice.

WOOL—The demand has been limited, but holders are firm in their demand; further sales of pulled have been made at 28@30c for Merino; and 25@26c ₱ lb, cash, for No. 1. About 50,000 lbs fine sold on terms kept private.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS. *No. 38 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, February 13, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	1¼ dis	Solvent banks	¾ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	2 dis
Solvent banks par to	1 dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 to 5 dis
Solvent banks	1 to par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	¼ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	1 to ½ dis	Solvent banks	1¼ dis
NEW YORK.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks par to	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1¼ dis
MAINE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	State bank	1¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
VERMONT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1¼ dis
CONNECTICUT.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Old banks	1 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	1 dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
VIRGINIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	1¼ dis	Commercial and Agricultural's bk, Galveston.	20 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.			
Solvent banks	2 dis		
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	5 dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1 dis		

THE Rev. Beverly Waugh, senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at one o'clock on Tuesday morning, in Baltimore, at the age of 69 years. In 1809 he entered the ministry, and in 1836 was elected to the Episcopal office. Previous to the latter date he had been a resident of New York. The Bishop has been in feeble health for some time; but the immediate cause of his death was erysipelas, which followed a sudden attack of apoplexy. Bishop Thos. A. Norris, of Cincinnati, is now the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

P. S.

☞ The sale of that remarkable and truly valuable preparation, Perry Davis' Pain Killer, is constantly and rapidly increasing. During the past year, the demand for this great remedy has been altogether unprecedented. Scarcely a week passes by, during which we do not hear of some remarkable cure having been performed, within the circle of our acquaintance, by the use of the Pain Killer.—*Free. Gen. Advertiser.*

The Rev. D. Whitaker, writing from Toungoo, Burmah, says:—"My duties as a Missionary prevent my noticing particular cases, but your Pain Killer has been used with peculiar success in diseases of the stomach, bowel complaints, and in severe cases of burns. One of the Christian villages near us was burnt down, and several persons were represented as near a dying condition from the severity of their injuries. I sent them the Pain Killer at once, with directions for its use. All but one were saved."

DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO STRENGTHEN YOU?
DO YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE?
DO YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR CONSTITUTION?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUSNESS?
DO YOU WANT ENERGY?
DO YOU WANT TO SLEEP WELL?
DO YOU WANT A BRISK AND VIGOROUS FEELING?

If you do, use *Hoofland's German Bitters*, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold by druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS have no equal as a tonic medicine. They cure nervous debility, sick headache, acid stomach, waterbrash, loss of appetite, &c., all of which proceed from a weakened or deranged state of the stomach.

FEVER AND AGUE.—AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY may be had in Jayne's Ague Mixture. It breaks the Chills, strengthens the system, removes the distressing nervousness which usually attends the disease, and effects a permanent cure. Read the following testimonials:—

LOWELL, La Salle Co., Ill., Jan. 21, 1858.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son—Gentlemen—I think it my duty to give you a certificate, in return for the comfort that your Ague Mixture has given me. Being subject to attacks of the fever and ague, I had taken many kinds of medicines, but to no effect. By the use of one bottle of your Mixture, taken in accordance with the directions, I am now entirely cured, and free from symptoms of a return of the complaint. I do not hesitate to say, that your Mixture is the best remedy for the fever and ague.

JOSEPH SHAVERINGTON.

I hereby coincide with the above statement, as your Mixture has cured me of the same distressing malady.

MICHAEL RYAN.

The Ague Mixture is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States. feb6-4t

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant, by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28 tf

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC PAINTINGS, By Coon, At the Rose Gallery, corner of Chestnut and Fifth.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. John C. Clay, Mr. WILLIAM COPE, to Miss SARAH DUTCH, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. WILLIAM BOYD, to Miss MARY E. daughter of Thos. Armitage, Esq. both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. W. Claxton, Mr. JOHN SHARPLEY, to Miss S. WITWORTH, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John W. Hickman, Mr. SAMUEL WATSON, to Miss MARY BARNES, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 4th instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN DEVINE, to Miss MARY A. MCINTYRE, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ROSSEL, to Miss LOUISE HUNDEWALL, of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. A. A. Willis, AARON VANCE NEELY, of Baltimore, to Miss RUBIE B. daughter of Valentine Dickerson, of Attleboro', Pa.

At Moorestown, N. J., on the 2d instant, by the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Mr. FREDERIC T. BERRING, of Philadelphia, to Miss HANNAH S. ROBBINS, of Farmingdale, N. J.

On the 4th of Nov. by the Rev. W. Cattanet, Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, to Miss NELLIE M. SHIPS, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. David McGill, Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH, to Miss M. J. STEER, both of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Shrewsbury, N. J. on the 8th instant, of erysipelas, GILTON W., son of the late Geo. L. Allen, aged 28 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ADELE C. wife of William L. Hart.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE, relict of the late Wm. Himes, aged 84 years.

On the 7th instant, DANIEL HOMAN, aged 76 years.

On the 8th instant, Capt. JOHN J. GARVIN, aged 72.

On the 6th instant, Rev. HENRY F. TEMPLETON.

On the 8th instant, RANDOLPH CORK, aged 29 years.

On the 7th instant, Miss MARY WALES, aged 72 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. SUSANNA, wife of the Rev. E. A. Beaman.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM E. WILLIAMSON, aged 30 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. MARGARET MCCAY, aged 73.

On the 7th instant, JOHN HENT, aged 57 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE, wife of Michael Comber, aged 32 years.

At Bordentown, N. J. on the 7th instant, Mr. SAMUEL THOMPSON, aged 47 years.

On the 5th instant, PHEBE, wife of Benj. W. Sharp, aged 43 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. CLARISSA, wife of the late John Hamilton, aged 55 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARY M. HUCK, aged 91 years.

On the 5th instant, MARY BECK, aged 35 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. FLORANDAH BUCHANAN, aged 66 years.

On the 30th ultimo, MARTHA, wife of Wm. S. Dilks, aged 33 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mr. GILBERT V. BURTON, aged 34.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY By L. H. THOMPSON, Exchange Hotel, No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	13 a15	Leg, Loin, Chp ₱ lb	9 a10
Sirloin steak	15 a12	Breast and Neck	6½ a
Rump do	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	33 a34
Chuck pieces	9 a12½	Whole carcass	8 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	6 a10	Fore quarter ₱ lb	8
Tongues, fresh	55 a75	Hind do	11
Leg, each	31 a37½	Chop	12
Liver ₱ lb	25 a00	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Sweetbread, each	19
Liver ₱ lb	81 a11	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₱ lb	16 a18	Young Pigs	$1 50 a1 75
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12 a 14
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Fresh do	16 a 20
Hind do	1 00a1 12½	Trips ₱ lb	4 a 5
Chop ₱ lb	19 a25	Lard do	10 a 12
Calves Head, each	25 a31	Hams, sugar	11 a 15
		Sausage	10 a 12
		Bologna Sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	25 a 40	S't Pots'es ₱ bus	$1 25a1 75
do ₱ pk	12½a 14	do do ₱ bbl	a 1
Beets bunch	4 a 5	Corn potatoes bu	1 00 a1 25
do ₱ bbl	3 a 10	Cabbage bbl	87½a1 12½
Salad head	1 a 5	Onions bus	— a1 00
		Carrots doz	12

FRUIT.

Apples ₱ bkt	6½a 87½	Cranberries qt	16 a 20
do ₱ pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ₱ lb	14 a 15½	Pheasants	1 00a1 50
Spring Chickens		Sqb Pig ₱ pair	25 a 37
₱ pair	31 a 37	Pregadons	25 a 30½
Chickens ₱ pair	37 a1 25	Canvas Back Ducks	1 of 2
Chickens ₱ lb	12	Partridges pair,	1 00 a1 50

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (South) doz	$6 a8 00	Oysters, Absecom	
do (Ches & Del)	6 a8 00	₱ bkt	50 a 75
Lobsters lb	8 a 10	do ₱ M	4 a5 00
Clams M	2 a2 50	M Riv Cove M	5 a6 00
		N Y do ₱ bbl	3 a3 12

FISH.

Halibut lb	12 a —	Perch bunch	6½a8½
Bass	6 a 8	Catfish	12
Porgies	— a 8	Eels	6 a12½
Flounders	— a 6	Fresh Shad ₱ pair	1 50 a—
Cod	5 a 6	Salt Shad lb	12
Black fish	— a 8	" Mackerel	12
White Fish	— a 8	Dry Cod	4 a 6
Rock	12 a —	Smoked Herring bunch	6
		Smelts ₱ lb	12 a —

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	23 a27	Honey lb	20 a25
Roll do	20 a —	Sweet corn cake	2 a 3
Eggs doz	14 a20		

OLD GOLD PENS REPOINTED, PRICE 50 Cents. Enclose the Pen in a letter with cash or postage stamps; it will soon be returned as good as new.

I have in my possession over a thousand letters, like the one below, which have come to me unsolicited:—

Rochester, Feb. 14, 1856.

Dear Sir—Yours with Pen came to hand in due time. The Pen is all right. I like it much better than before.

Your Ob't Serv't, W. J. STODDARD.

feb6 2tt Address D. ELLIOTT, Syracuse, N. Y.

$150 PER MONTH CAN BE MADE, and no risk. Business new, easy, useful, honorable. For particulars, address E. S. RICH, Bracket Falls, N. Y.

WANTED, 1,000 AGENTS, for the best inducements ever offered. Enclose stamp for return postage, and address MAYNARD & CARWELL, feb13 6t Lawrence, Mass.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Min

Wit and Humor.

PUNCH'S CHARGE TO THE JURY.

Gentlemen of the Jury: You are sworn in all cases to decide according to the evidence; at the same time, if you have any doubt, you are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of it.—Suppose you have to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of a gentleman accused of felony.—You will naturally doubt whether any gentleman would commit such offences—accordingly, however strong may be the testimony against him, you will, perhaps, acquit him. The evidence of your own senses is, at least, as credible as that of the witnesses; if, therefore, your eyesight convince you that the prisoner is a well-dressed person, you have a right to presume his respectability; and it is for you to say whether a respectable person would be likely to be guilty of the crimes imputed to him. In like manner, when you see a shabby looking fellow in the dock, charged, for example, with sheep-stealing, the decision rests with you, first, whether or not that individual is a ragamuffin, and secondly, how far it is probable that a man of that description would steal sheep. Of course, as has been before said, you will always be guided by the evidence; but then, whether the evidence is trustworthy or not, is a matter for your private consideration. You may believe it if you choose, or you may disbelieve it; and whether, gentlemen of the jury, you will believe it or disbelieve it, will depend on the constitution of your minds. If your minds are so constituted that you wish to find the prisoner guilty, perhaps you will believe it; if they happen to be so constituted that you desire to find him not guilty, why then, very likely, you will disbelieve it. You are to free your minds from all passion and prejudice if you can, and in that case your judgment will be unbiased; but if you cannot, you will return a verdict accordingly. It is not, strictly speaking, for you to consider what will be the effect of your verdict; but if such a consideration should occur to you, and you cannot help attending to it, that verdict will be influenced by it to a certain extent. You are probably aware that when you retire, you will be locked up until you contrive to agree. You may arrive at unanimity by fair discussion, or by some of you starving out the others, or by tossing up: and your conclusion by whichever of these processes arrived at, will be more or less in accordance with your oaths. Your verdict may be right; it is to be hoped it will be: it may be wrong: it is to be hoped it will not be. At all events, gentlemen of the jury, you will come to some conclusion or other; unless it should so happen that you separate without coming to any.

"ONLY HAB FAITH."—A friendly correspondent, writing from Washington, Pa., says:

Like most other small towns, we have here a "colored church," where many amusing things are said, highly exhilerating to the spirits of the few who occasionally visit the "Hayti" meeting house. "Hayti" is the name given to that part of our town where "pussons of color" reside.—One winter evening, when the colored preacher was in the midst of his sermon, making a most violent, if not most eloquent, appeal to his hearers, one of the legs of the stove which had been loosened in some way, fell out, and as a natural consequence the red hot stove tipped over at an angle alarmingly suggestive of fire.—The audience, of course, commenced crowding out of the door like a flock of black sheep. But the preacher was equal to the occasion. Addressing one of his prominent members, he cried out:—

"Pick up de stobe, Brudder Bolah!—pick up de stobe! Oaly hab faith!—de Lor' won't let him burn you!"

Poor Brother Bolah had unfortunately too much faith, and immediately seized it, all glowing as it was. But no sooner had his fingers come in contact with the fervent iron, than he dropped it again, and dancing around on one foot, blowing his skinless fingers, he exclaimed with all the energy he could throw into his voice:—

"De debil he won't! de debil he won't!"

MR. SKINFLINT'S GOODNESS.—When Mr. Skinflint, of Beanville, died, there was quite a sensation in town about it. The bell was tolled, and the only flag in town—that which belonged to the tavern—was hung union down for twenty-four hours. His praise was in every one's mouth, though why they praised him none could say, except that he was worth plenty of money. This was before Mrs. Partington moved from Beanville. "We have lost a great man, ma'am," said the minister, calling upon her; "so portly, so public-spirited, so—so—rich." "Ah, yes," responded the estimable dame, with a tear of regret in her eye, "his goodness was past finding out—it was," said she, raising her hand, as if beckoning down a large word, by which to express herself loudly: "it was infinitesimal, and his right hand never knew what his left hand did, nor anybody else, for that matter. He was such an excellent man." The minister coughed at the infinitesimal goodness, but he saw how kindly it was intended and said nothing.—*Boston Gazette.*

GOOD.—During the Reign of Terror the mob got hold of the Abbe Maury, and resolved to sacrifice him.

"To the lamp-post with him!" was the universal cry.

The Abbe was in a bad fix with a mob for his judges—the tender mercies of a mob! With the utmost coolness the Abbe said to those who were dragging him along—

"Well, if you hang me to the lamp-post will you see any clearer for it?"

This bright sally tickled his executioners and saved his life.

"CRACKED BEFORE."—The Glasgow Mail relates the following anecdote of Lord Brougham: The mother of the Lord Chancellor was a most excellent and thrifty housewife. On one occasion she was much troubled with a servant who was addicted to dish-breaking, and who used to allege in extenuation of her fault,—"It was crackit before." One morning little Harry tumbled down stairs, when the fond mother, running after him, exclaimed: "Oh, my boy, have you broke your head?" "No, ma," said the future Chancellor, "it was crackit before."

☞ HIBERNIAN HAYMAKING.—During the late frost, an Irish M. P., observing some confectioner's men at work, carting ice out of a pond, observed that there is nothing like making hay when the sun shines.—*Punch.*

THE RIGHT OF WAY.

BUS DRIVER.—"Now then, out of the way, YOU TWO!"

PADDY.—"Asy, now, Bus—and wait for yer betters."

CINCINNATI (S)WINE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

This song of mine
Is a song of the swine,
To be sung by the jolly members
Of pork-house clubs
As they stand by the tubs
In the frosty, cold Decembers.

It is not a song
Of the bull-frogs gong
From wet and misty marshes;
For the lowing cow,
Nor the dog's bow-wow
That sounds through the city arches.

Nor the ba-ing sheep
Whom the niggers keep
On the plains of old Kentucky,
And whose fleecy wool
The brambles pull
In a way that is unlucky.

For the fattest and the best
Are the swine of the West
That grow by the Beautiful River;
And their rich perfume
Fills all the room
With a malison on the giver.

And as hollow vats
Are the homes of rats,
Forever gnawing and stealing;
So this mighty pen
Is, again and again,
Full of grunting, and snorting, and squealing.

Very good in their jigs
Are the Boston pigs,
And the Philadelphia porkers;
But Ohio swine
Have a taste more divine
Than even the big New Yorkers.

There grow no swine
With a fatter chine
Nor a more prodigious liver,
Nor with flesh and lard
So thick and hard,
As those by the Beautiful River.

Many the damns
Which greet the hams
That come o'er the salt Atlantic;
And the ears and the feet
Are not so sweet,
And very much less romantic.

To the gutters and hogs
With all such hogs,
And the old Scratch take the bristles,
And scorch their skins
And burn their skins,
And of their tails make whistles.

While huge and fine
Are the glorious swine
The fattest of the fatty,
That roll in droves
From the fields and groves,
To the streets of Cincinnati.

And this Song of the Swine,
This grunting of mine,
The types and the press shall deliver
To the city of hogs,
As she sits by the logs
That float on the Beautiful River.

A KENTUCKY ANECDOTE.—A Southern gentleman owned a slave, a very intelligent fellow, who was a Universalist. On one occasion he illustrated the intellectual character of his religion in the following manner: A certain slave had obtained a license of the Baptists to preach. He was holding forth in the presence of many of his colored brethren at one time, when he undertook to describe the process of Adam's creation. Said he:

"When God made Adam, He stoop down, scrape up a little dirt, wet it a little, warm it in the hands, and squeeze it in de right shape, and den lean it up against the fence to dry—"

"Top dere," said our Universalist darkey.—"You say dat are de fustus man eber made!"

"Sartin," said the preacher.

"Den," said the other, "*jes tell a feller whar dat ar fence come from!*"

"Hush!" said the preacher, "two more questions like dat would spile all de feology in de world!"

PONTIUS PILATE NOT DEAD YET.—When Mrs. B———, the actress, was making a summer excursion in the country, she was accompanied by her husband and a party of his and her friends. One of these was a Mr. ———, formerly a pilot on the Boston station, who had laughed and grown fat so long that he had become, like Wolsey, "a man of unbounded stomach." Some one asked, "Who is this large man in Mrs. B———'s suite!" "That," said his informant, "is Mr. ———; he is a pilot." "Exactly," was the response, "I should think he was—paunchcous Pilate!"—*Evening Post.*

☞ A rural poet, in describing his lady-love, says: "She is graceful as a water-lily, while her breath is like an armful of clover." That poet's case is certainly approaching a crisis.

Agricultural.

ABOUT WINTER BUTTFR.

"Small profit in trying to make butter at this season," said Uncle Joe, as he passed from his churning and wiped the sweat from his forehead; "here it is, nine o'clock; this churn has been going full three hours, and no signs of butter yet."

It surely was a hard case. I pitied uncle, but said nothing, for I knew nothing very pertinent to the occasion.

But "Rome was not built in a day." "We live and learn;" and now—two years later—I sit down, having churned a respectable churning while wife was getting tea, and had time to spare to play with "baby." Experience has taught me several things since the day Uncle Joe questioned the profit of making butter (mind, I don't say it *is* profitable.)

Last winter, I had a day's job at churning; and I found out what the great trouble was—*the cream was too cold.* Since that, when I have anything to do with churning, I try to have the cream *just warm enough.* Then the butter comes in from fifteen to twenty minutes; or at most, thirty or forty.

There are various methods of warming cream. A good way is to set the cream-pot in a warm room, and stir it occasionally. Or, in a vessel of warm water; or near a fire, turning and stirring frequently. Don't *melt the cream; if you do, it will never make butter.* Sometimes, finding, after churning a while, that the cream is too cold, I set the churn near the fire, leaving it for a time; or, if in a hurry, and rather lazy withal, pour hot water into the churn, keeping the dash going all the while, so that none of the cream gets scalded.

When the cream "froths up," as you churn, you may generally be sure it is too cold. You may churn, if you like; but "the mischief is in it," and the butter will refuse to appear until it is warmed. Possibly you may warm it by churning; but it is a great saving of patience, time, and "elbow-grease," to warm it some other way.

In the day's churning mentioned above, the cream "frothed up" badly. We set the churn in a tub of hot water, finally; but had to get the cream much warmer than when it is "just right" at first. The butter-milk fairly smoked, as the churn was opened to take out the butter, and was blood-warm, if not more.

That was the only time I ever used a thermometer to measure the temperature in churning. "According to the books," it was too warm all the while. We tried putting in snow to cool it. But it was really *too cold*—and I think one's finger the best thermometer. Have the cream so it feels just *a little warm to the finger*, and it is right.

If one has good cream in winter, they can make good butter. To get the first, one must have good, well-fed, and *comfortable* cows; an even temperature to raise the cream; and churn often, before it gets bitter and sour. But I will not expatiate on this branch of the subject.

One word more. Butter can be colored without injury to the flavor, by putting carrot juice into the cream when churning. Grate the carrot, soak in milk, and squeeze the juice through a cloth into the churn. But, I don't mind saying it, "summer butter" suits me the best for my table, and I am willing to let the city folks have what "winter butter" I make, as the grocerymen will generally pay just as much for it.—*A Young Farmer, in Genesee Farmer.*

LIME ON CALVES.—The best resort that I have ever found to rid my calves of lice, is very simple, easy, and only this: take a few dry ashes from the stove; rub them well into the hair of the animals, and all those troublesome little creatures will soon become harmless and disappear. Calves, or any other animals to which ashes are applied, should be kept dry for a few days.—*Country Gentleman.*

BUCKWHEAT FOR A SOD CROP ON THE PRAIRIE.—Hitherto it has been thought that only corn could be grown on prairie sod the same year it is broken up; but, upon trial, buckwheat proves more certain and valuable. It keeps down the weeds which spring up on land not thoroughly shaded, and proves a more remunerating crop.—*Genesee Farmer.*

BUCKWHEAT BRAN INJURIOUS TO SWINE.—I have known for more than thirty years that bran of buckwheat fed to sows when nursing, will cause the skin of pigs to crack all over, and the ears and tails often to crack off. Sows dry up, and pigs finally die.—*Country Gentleman.*

SPAYING COWS.

To those who are raising milk, in the vicinity of large towns, it has become a matter of serious inquiry how the various sources of loss, to which they are subject in their business, can be avoided. In very many instances these losses are sufficient to absorb all the profits. These sources of loss, in addition to the diseases to which cows are subject, are chiefly three. 1st, The periodical heats which are natural to cows that are not with calf. It is well known that during these periods the quantity of the milk is diminished and its quality impaired. 2nd, The milk of cows with calf, after the fourth month, is deteriorated in quality, and soon begins to diminish in quantity. After the sixth month it is rarely sufficient to pay for the keeping. Many cows become dry soon after the sixth month; and even when they would continue to give milk a few weeks longer, most cows are allowed to go dry after the seventh month, to enable them to bear the draught made upon their constitutional powers by breeding, and to recruit for the subsequent milking. Here, then, is a loss of profit for about one-fourth part of the year. 3rd, Many cows lose their calves prematurely. This is a source of loss that seems involved in much mystery. It sometimes exists, apparently, as an epidemic. A large proportion of the cows in a herd will sometimes be subject to it. It prevails in some seasons more than in others, and sometimes seems to be confined chiefly to certain localities. Sympathy, it is believed, in many instances, has much to do with it. When one cow from any cause has lost her calf, others associated with her will become similarly affected. It has been ascribed to various causes, but the cause or causes are by no means satisfactorily ascertained. In this vicinity it is one of the most serious evils that the milk raisers have to encounter.

One gentleman of my acquaintance has had five cows lose their calves during the past season. Three of them were promising heifers, all of which lost their calves in the pasture. The other two were older, and kept at home. Another has lost five, and another eight. Many others have lost more or less. Now these cows must be kept another year before coming into milk again. And there must be a loss upon them of at least twenty-five dollars cash, unless they are in a condition to be turned to the butcher. If they are, this is probably the most profitable disposition that can be made of them, for in addition to the cost of keeping them dry nearly a year, they will be more likely to be affected in a similar way again. But it is a disappointment to the milk raiser, who has made his arrangements to obtain his supply of milk from them, and it is often difficult, if not impossible, to supply their places with cows coming in at the time when they are wanted. The farmer who has lost five calves in this way has lost at least $125. Now how can these evils be avoided? Is there any system of management by which they can be prevented?

In some parts of Europe, and especially in the neighborhoods, of Paris and Brussels, the milk raisers are adopting the practice of spaying their cows, by which they are enabled to avoid all those sources of loss. They avoid the periodical heats, and the milk remains uniform in quality and quantity through the year. The cows become more quiet and contented, and are more easily kept in good condition. They avoid the loss from the cows going dry one-fourth part of the year, and of course all losses from abortion will be avoided. The most proper time for doing the operation is about six weeks after calving, or as soon as the cow gets well over the effects of calving, and has recovered her strength and vigor, and got weaned from her calf. It is confidently stated that they will continue to give as much milk for two or three and sometimes four years, as they did at the time the operation was performed, and that the milk will be of better quality, and that when they begin to go dry that they will fatten much more easily, and make better beef.

The benefit of this operation will be confined to those who do not raise their cows, but who keep cows for their milk only, as market men and families who keep one or two cows. If the statements which come to us from Europe are true, eight good cows spayed at five or six years old, or when they have reached their full milking age, are worth at least as much as twelve treated in the common way. The operation is easily performed, and we do not learn that it is attended with any special danger. The operation has recently been performed in this town with entire success, by a gentleman who is qualified to perform it in a skillful and scientific manner. The subject is worthy the consideration of milk raisers and of families who have a good cow which they would be glad to retain in milk all the year round, and for several successive years.—*Correspondent of New England Farmer.*

WEEVIL IN WHEAT.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—I noticed, in a late number of your paper, an inquiry concerning a remedy for weevil in wheat. I will here give you a recipe which I have never known to fail, and I have tried it for two years:—In the first place the bottom of the wheat-house should be nearly covered with common salt, and as the wheat is poured in, sprinkle it well with salt all through to the top of the wheat. This never injures the wheat. The last that comes out of the box should be sieved before grinding.

Yours, W. R. HOWE.

Milner, Pike Co., Geo.

CURE FOR HOLLOW HORN IN CATTLE.—The "hollow horn," as it is called, is quite prevalent in this country at this season of the year, and a few words from me in regard to its treatment, may not be uninteresting. Unless attended to in time, it is at least very injurious to cattle, especially milch cows, and not unfrequently fatal. I have a remedy which I have never known to fail, and it is both simple and always at hand. It is also an excellent application for ordinary swellings, especially such as are caused by castrating. It is good for blistered feet, and may be applied with the stockings on. But to the hollow horn, and first, a synopsis of the disease—

Symptoms.—First, twisting of the hair and softness of the end of the tail. Second, green, glassy dullness of the eyes, a dry nose, loss of appetite, and consequent loss of flesh, cold horns, because they get hollow from the effects of a diseased brain and the pith of the back bone.

Remedy.—Drench with from a pint to a quart of good soft soap, according to the age and constitution, and if it does not improve the appearance in twenty-four hours, repeat the dose. Generally they will eat heartily in a few hours. Sometimes they will eat it in bran or meal; and if soap is put in a tub in the yard they will lick it voluntarily as they need it. You need not fear they will eat more than is good for them. A little spirits of turpentine put in the cup of the head, and a slit in the tail to let the blood flow, is useful. Boring the horns I consider as a barbarous practice.

WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.—Make a firm soap of one part lamp oil (no matter how much candied) and six or eight parts of strong ley or potash solution; one part of this soap and eight of warm water—apply with a brush, or cloth attached to a long handle.

I have used this wash with perfect success on young trees, entirely destroying the aphis when the trees were nearly covered with them, and giving to the bark a healthy and vigorous appearance. Apply the wash in February or March.—*New England Farmer.*

PLANTING FRUIT TREES.—McIntosh says:—"In planting fruit trees where the subsoil is of indifferent quality, it is advisable to place under each a piece of pavement three feet square and about twelve or fifteen inches under the surface, that the roots, when they come in contact with it, may be made to take a horizontal direction. *This is one great means of keeping them near the surface*, and has been found of much advantage."

TO PREVENT RABBITS INJURING NURSERY TREES.—Beef's or hog's blood, applied while warm, will soon dry, and will not wash off by winter rains, so that the smell of blood will be left on the tree sufficient to keep off rabbits. The blood may be applied with the hand or a painter's brush. The same remedy will prevent sheep from gnawing orchard trees.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

FATTENING CATTLE IN WINTER.—I have fattened a number of cattle by giving them three pecks of potatoes per day, with hay and no water. This will make good juicy beef. When potatoes are plenty, this is a cheap way to fatten cattle. Feed small potatoes whole.—*Genesee Farmer.*

MAGPIES AND RAVENS.—I am not exactly superstitious, and yet magpies and ravens are very fit companions to a witch. There is something positively appalling in the extremely knowing glance with which a magpie screws its glittering eyes round in their socket. Not long ago, I saw a magpie, seated on a heap of coals, in a back lane, near Seven Dials. It was black and dirty as its locality, and so harmonized with the cinders that I did not distinguish it till it uttered some strange cry. As I passed, it put its head on one side and almost winked at me, looked down among the coals, and I *knew* that it had all kinds of concealed treasures there. I have often seen that magpie, and I feel sure that when those coals are removed, a marine-store shop that exists close by will recover some amount of missing goods. The bird looked a regularly bad character, and I would not have had him in my house on any account. I do not know whether he talks. If so, I would rather not hear him.—*My Feathered Friends, by Rev. C. Wood.*

HOW WINE IS TURNED TO WATER.—A Prussian journal relates a singular fact. In an Israelite community, there exists a Rabbi, esteemed and loved by all. To prove their gratitude for services rendered, the community decided (upon the suggestion of a rich merchant) to offer the Rabbi a present of a ton of wine, and in order that all might contribute to it, it was agreed that each should bring a bottle of wine, and pour it into the receptacle. The Rabbi received the offering, and with much precaution deposited the precious liquid in his cellar. But, oh! grief, when he wished to taste it, a miracle had operated: instead of wine he found only water. His honest friends had all individually thought that a bottle of water would pass unperceived in the quantity of wine. Unhappily each had the same idea.

THE MARCH TO THE GRAVE IN 1857.—What a mighty procession has been moving towards the grave during the past year! At the usual estimate, since the 1st of January, 1857, more than *thirty-one million five hundred thousand* of the world's population have gone down to the grave. Place them in long array, and they will give a moving column of more than thirteen hundred to every mile of the circumference of the globe. What a spectacle, as they move on, tramp, tramp, the "Dead March" giving its funeral notes as they go to the silent shades!

The Riddler.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 17, 10, 21, 3, 9, is a musical instrument much mentioned in the Bible.
My 13, 10, 11, 14, 17, 18, was Neptune's trumpeter.
My 1, 18, 16, 10, 11, 20, 7, is one of Handel's Sacred operas.
My 4, 9, 13, 11, 21, 6, 13, 11, 3, 9, 16, was a celebrated Greek flute-player.
My 5, 17, 19, 6, 13, is a piece of sacred music resembling the anthem in its form.
My 2, 11, 10, 17, 10, 13, was a distinguished Flemish musical composer.
My whole was a distinguished vocalist.

GAHMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 1, 11, 4, 17, 30, 25, 20, is a city in Canada.
My 4, 2, 11, 31, 3, 10, 34, 8, 33, 30, 31, is one of the United States.
My 9, 24, 6, 5, 33, 28, 30, is a Republic in Africa.
My 11, 20, 25, 23, 4, 10, 17, is a lake between United States and Canada.
My 16, 26, 32, 8, 33, 31, 13, 9, 16, 2, 34, 23, is a city in Pennsylvania.
My 13, 18, 23, 29, 33, is a division of the Turkish Empire.
My 22, 7, 9, 21, 33, 27, 25, is a town in Ireland.
My 28, 35, 4, 25, 21, 13, 23, 31, is a city in Connecticut.
My 33, 13, 19, 25, 23, 28, 30, is an Empire in Europe.
My whole have committed some of the most horrible cruelties on record.

CHELTEN.

Montgomery Co., Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.
My 28, 3, 8, 37, is an animal.
My 17, 12, 29, 1, 2, 15, 11, 11, is an assembly.
My 17, 30, 23, 23, 21, 9, 36, is a malignant disease.
My 32, 39, 16, 24, is a beverage.
My 37, 10, 20, 7, is a grain.
My 34, 28, 40, is a fruit.
My 8, 22, 37, is a production of North Carolina.
My 27, 4, 9, 35, is an enclosure.
My 31, 28, 14, is a grain.
My 12, 6, is a preposition.
My 13, 4, 19, is an instrument.
My 29, 9, 25, is an adjective.
My whole is a proverb of much truth.

"OPIFER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Tis before the village inn,
Idly lounging round the door,
That a crowd of men are seen,
Numbering twenty-two or more.

Hung upon my first we find,
Accounts of cattle and of lands,—
With news and records of every kind,
While at the door my second stands.

But this motley group of men,
Why have they collected here?
From every nook, from every glen,
Around the village far and near.

Listen, reader, I will tell
Why they have, pray do not stare,
When I say that you know well
'Twas my whole that brought them there.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a noble bird,—
And yet I never heard
Of any one that had the power to sing;
My second is sublime,
When seen at even-time;—
Oft pleasant thoughts it has the power to bring.

My whole is in a foreign clime,
Near England "merrie and olde;"
A town it will reveal,—
The truth I'll not conceal;
The answer now remaineth to be told.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When men engage in battle
At the call of drum and fife,
My first will give them energy,
And aid them in their strife.

When age has paled the blooming cheek,
And taken strength and youth,
'Tis then that men my second use,—
I think I've told the truth.

When the battle-cry is loud and high,
And men for glory fight;
My first upon my whole is seen,
From morning until night.

Pequea, Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CAPITALS OF THE UNITED STATES.

1. A dim son.
2. Col. Bum, U. S.
3. Fred S. Gilpin.
4. In at us.
5. 'Tis on a pan.
6. No rents.
7. Orn wept.
8. Roved.
9. Ah! see a stall.
10. Ann Ola.
11. A. J. is in Poland.
12. I! I ty a cow?

GAHMEW.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The lengths of two lines drawn from the acute angles of a right angled triangle to the centre of its inscribed circle are as 1 to the square root of 2, and the difference between the lengths of two lines drawn from the acute angles to the centre of the inscribed square is 99 perches. Required—the sides of the triangle?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What key is it that can never be broken? Ans.—A key (w)hole.

☞ Why is a filter like the fortune of a spendthrift? Ans.—Because it is soon run through, and leaves a great many matters behind to settle.

☞ What bar is that which often opens, but never shuts? Ans.—Crowbar.

☞ INSANE CONUNDRUM.—Why is a thing difficult to describe like a chronometer? Ans.—Because it is a watch-you-may-call-it.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Nebuchadnezzar, King of the Jews. PORTICAL ENIGMA—Francesca Pascalis Canfield. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—The Conspiracy of Catiline by Caius Crispus Sallust. CHARADE—Wordsworth. CHARADE—Caroline (Car-o-line). CHARADE—Ant-hill. ANAGRAMS—Breadth, Varieties, Points, Cartilage, Importance, Constitution, Interest, Reality, Romance. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—The point E is 21.6985 rods from B; CE, 13.3012 rods; CF, 91.9615 rods, and EF 94.8562 rods.

BRITISH POLYGAMY.—Among the ancient Britons they had a singular kind of marriage, or rather polygamy, which is not to be found among any other people. Any number of them, as ten or a dozen, joined in a society, together, which was perhaps required for mutual defence in those barbarous times. In order to link this society the closer, they took an equal number of wives in common, and whatever children were born, were reputed to belong to all of them, and were accordingly provided for by the whole community.—*Blake.*